The Centre Reporter.

VOL. { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XVIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1885. NO. 6.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

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The greed of the Republicans to stay in office far exceeds that of the Democrats to get in.

The Reporter suggests that hereafter he be called O'Dynamite Rossa, instead of O'Donovan Rossa.

The legislature so far passed one act, making an increase of magistrates for Philadelphia, and that was very properly vetoed by the governor.

The board of pardons will not interfere in the case of the wife-murderer, Dr. Beach, of Altoona, and he will have to hang Feb. 12.

A fellow in North Carolina made a wager that hecould drink a quart of whisky in forty minutes. He won the bet but died in two hours afterward. Whisky is bound to kill.

A Republican paper down in Easton kicks against Beaver for governor next time. Unfortunately for the General, he has only one leg and can't kick back, but he can have it Don somehow we guess.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Philadelphia last year paid a dividend of 41 per cent. Yet they charge enormously for the use of their instruments which would be highly profitable at half present charges. "Hello!" give us cheaper telephone service.

The anti-treating bill, which has been introduced in the legislature, subjects any person who treats, or accepts a treat of any intoxicating drink, to a fine of $10, or ten days in jail, or both, and in addition he must pay $15 to the attorney prosecuting the case.

Representative Rhone has mailed us the Legislative Record. The Record, as usual, is four weeks behind. What a good thing it would be if our law-makers would abolish that costly nuisance, and adjourn. The people would then say for once, "well done."

Why not elect the U. S. Senators by a popular vote and do away with the present barbarous mode? Cameron, and other bosses, would not favor such a change—because depending upon a vote of the people he would never reach the Senate. Brains would win.

There seems to be very little sympathy for O'Dynamite Rossa on account of his being shot by Mrs. Dudley. This indicates a healthy state of feeling so far as sympathy for the methods of the dynamiters is concerned. Rossa will likely recover from the shooting and live to be shot at another day.

The Dauphin county grand jury in its presentment to the court, reports skating rinks a nuisance, because they are "detrimental to the health of young people and in a great measure destructive of the morals of the youths who frequent them." The grand jury inquired into the moral feature of skating rinks at the suggestion of Judge Simonton in his charge.

In the house, at Harrisburg, the following bills were favorably reported: Authorizing mutual fire insurance companies to insure against storms; to prevent perpetual building restrictions on real estate; enabling city, county and borough tax collectors to collect taxes for the payment of which they have become liable; extending the time for collection; creating the office of Recorder in Pittsburg; prohibiting the treating to intoxicating drinks; prohibiting the propelling of traction engines in the highway unless the machines are preceded by two persons at least 300 feet distant to give warning of danger; for the government of cities of the fifth class; making the lowest liquor license $500 and the highest $1,000, and prohibiting no more than one license for every 200 assessed voters.

The roller skate is the coming thing. The next campaign will be run on roller skates. Candidates will electioneer on roller skates and he that won't mount them will be left behind. Men and women will go to church on roller skates. Doctors will visit their patients on roller skates. Preachers will make their pastoral visits on roller skates. Fellows will go to see their sweethearts on roller skates. Women will do their shopping on roller skates. Tipplers will take their grog on roller skates to steady their nerves. Babies will be rocked in cradles mounted on roller skates. The horse will be equipped with roller skates. The poodle dog will be put on roller skates. Young ladies will expose themselves by tumbling on roller skates. Chairs, tables, beds, etc., will be put on roller skates.

The roller skate is bound to be king, and the rink will take the place of the church for having the Gospel preached by a minister on roller skates.

What a nation of fools we may yet be! on roller skates.

In Youngstown, Ohio, Miss Reed shot her lover, Edward Shell, because he refused to fulfill his promise to marry her.

The Democrats of Illinois have nominated congressman Morrison for U. S. Senator and the Republicans have nominated Logan. The legislature is a tie, and it is hard to tell who will win. There may be a dead-lock.

GREED FOR OFFICE.

The greed of the republicans to remain in office, after an uninterrupted lease of 24 years, is astonishing, to say nothing of the cheek it requires to ask and expect retention at the hands of a Democratic administration. That Democrats should be anxious for the places, after asking nothing and getting nothing from a Republican administration for a quarter of a century, is quite natural and right and proper. The Democrats are entitled to the offices, the people meant *that* when they voted for a change by electing Cleveland. Now let the change be made, from high to low, where an honest Democrat can be found to accept a place of trust.

The people of Washington evidently understand that an inauguration only occurs once in four years. A glance at the advertising columns of the daily newspapers indicates that almost everybody who has a room or window on the line of march from Capitol to the White House is willing to rent it. Out of a score of advertisements the lowest price for single windows is $10, or two for $15. The highest prices asked are $50 per window. The average is from $20 to $30. One person near Ninth street and the avenue offers to rent 40 seats at $5 each. The most exorbitant rentals are at the intersection of Fifteenth street and the avenue. Thirty dollars is the very lowest asked for a fourth story window, the price increasing from that to $50, according to location.

The United States Consul at Malaga reports to the Department of State, in regard to the recent earthquake in Spain that fifty villages have been destroyed and 2,000 lives have been lost. He also says that not less than 30,000 persons have quitted the city of Malaga, and that the rest of the population sleep in the open air. The death rate from disease has increased 300 per cent. At Jovenaa river which ran through the town has entirely disappeared. At Albunuclas the earth opened, swallowing the church and other buildings, so that nothing remains in sight but the weather-cock of the church spire. Two hundred bodies have already been taken from the ruins. At Velez-Malaga the prison, churches, convents, and City Hall have all been levelled to the ground.

LICFNSE BILLS.

Among the measures introduced in the House at Harrisburg, are three licence bills by W. C. Wesley Thomas, of Philadelphia. The first fixes the license fees of retailers of liquor in quantities less than a quart at ten per cent. of their annual sales, beginning with $35,000 or more, for which the license would be $5,000, and then running down to $3,000 or less, for which the retailer must pay $300. The second fixes the licenses of wholesale dealers at 5 per cent. of their sales, the sliding scales running from an annual business of $500,000, down to any sum less than $6,000, which would cost the dealer $250. The third fixes the licenses of manufacturers and bottlers at five per cent. of their sales, the lowest license costing $500, for a trade of $10,000 or less, and running up to $50,000 for a business of $1,000,000. Each of the bills would turn half the revenue for license into the treasuries of the counties where they are collected.

Congress is getting afraid of dynamite too. A writer says: The occurrence caused considerable excitement in view of the fact that it seems a threat has been made to blow up the House of Representatives and that members are greatly alarmed at the fact. It is said that more than twenty members excitedly approached the desk of the Sergeant-at-Arms and demanded that greater police protection be afforded, and that every precaution should be taken to insure the safety of Congress during its sessions. Two things led to this state of alarm. A Senator communicated to a member of the House the circumstance that a lady interpreter in the State Department had spoken of a plot to blow up the House of Congress while in session. The other suspicious circumstance was the fire on the roof of the Capitol, which it is stated never could have been occasioned by spontaneous combustion, as at first given out. While every means was taken to conceal the excitement and apprehension of the members, the fact leaked out that the American Congress is thoroughly frightened over the rumors that some plot may be hatching to blow up the capitol. Why the dynamiters should want to blow up the representatives of the people who largely sympathize with Ireland is incomprehensible.

If O'Dynamite Rossa recovers from Mrs. Dudley's shot, he might adopt this as his motto: What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

So long as the Penn'a legislature does nothing it does no harm—there is that much "reform" anyhow.

Last week Senator Wallace of Clearfield, introduced an anti-discrimination bill in the Senate that is very exhaustive in its provisions. It provides that any railroad shall have the right to intersect, connect or cross any other railroad, and shall receive or transport passengers, tonnage and cars, loaded or empty, without delay. Any railaoad or canal company refusing or neglecting to act as a common carrier or demanding an exorbitant compensation shall forfeit and pay threefold the actual damages suffered to persons or corporations by reason of such refusal. Any railroad or canal director, official or employe neglecting or refusing to aid in the performance of that railroad as a common carrier shall be adjudged guilty of misdemeanor, subject to imprisonment for not more than six months and pay a fine of not more than $3,000. Any railroad demanding or receiving exhorbitant rates for transportation of freight or passengers is subject to payment of threefold damage to the party injured, or employed so charged shall be adjudged guilty of misdemeanor, with the punishment stated in the first instance. Threefold damage is to be awarded where unjust discrimination is practiced.

Our legislature is cutting out a lot of work for the session, among which the following bills have been reported affirmatively. The titles indicate good bills:

Making appropriation of $10,000 for State representation at New Orleans exposition.

To encourage and authorize the formation of co-operative associations by farmers, mechanics, laborers and others.

To provide for better supervision of common schools.

Regulating the term of professional teachers.

To extend the minimum school term to six months.

Relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

Fixing the standard weight and measure of milk sold in this state.

To regulate the practice of pharmacy, the sale of poisons and prevent the adulteration of drugs.

Regulating the contracts for the sale and purchase of stocks, etc.

Compelling butchers and drovers to pay mercantile tax.

Among the bills presented were the following:

For the government and regulation of county jails and prisons.

Supplement to the act to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday.

To prevent treating in saloons and other places.

Authorizing the courts to direct by rule or special order the advertising of sheriff's sales in German newspapers.

To provide for more uniform methods in the keeping of State accounts.

Providing for the payment of newspapers for publishing mercantile licences by warrant of the Auditor General.

The house committee at Harrisburg has reported against the grangers' road tax-bill.

MACHINE SHOP BURNED AT HUNTINGDON.

Huntingdon, Pa., Febr'y 8.—Clark & Bane's machine shop caught fire this morning and burned to the ground. Machinery worth $5,000 was destroyed, on which there was $2,600 insurance. No insurance on building. Origin of fire unknown.

THE EXCITEMENT IN HOCKING VALLEY.

Columbus, Ohio, Feb'y 8.—Hocking Valley was excited last night over rumors of a concentrated attack by the strikers. Over 400 shots were fired in the neighborhood of Nelsonville and Buchtel about 10 o'clock, but no attack was made. The patrol trains drove the strikers off.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 8.—Decidedly the worst snow storm thus far this season set in about 8 o'clock to-night. Advices from other points indicate that the area of the storm is large. It is snowing at Omaha and sleeting at Springfield, Ill.

KILLED AND EATEN BY WOLVES.

Kankakee, Ill., Jan. 22.—A. H. Butts, Secretary of the Chicago Lumber Company, has just returned from a loging camp, near Metropolitan, Mich., a point in the pineries, forty miles north of Escanoba. He said the night before he left camp the mercury had dropped to 43 degrees below zero. This was the climax of four days of very extreme cold weather. That night an old trapper and Indian hunter, named Tom Dudging, returning from a hunting trip, was killed and eaten by wolves within two miles of the camp. The wolves are more numerous and bold than usual on account of the scarcity of small game. His friends in searching for him the next morning found his closely gnawed bones and thirteen dead wolves lying near him, pierced by his rifle balls, and his Winchester rifle by his side, with one chamber still loaded.

FALL OF KHARTOUM.

THE CITY CAPTURED BY THE MAHDI IN ADVANCE OF ENGLISH RELIEF.

London, Feb. 5.—Intelligence has just been received here that Khartoum has been captured by the Arabian rebels. The whereabouts of Gen. Gordon is unknown. He is probably a prisoner in the hands of the victors.

The war office has issued the following: "Telegrams from General Wolseley announced that the fall of Khartoum took place on Jan. 26. He says Col. Wilson arrived at Khartoum Jan. 28, and was greatly surprised to find that the enemy were in possession of that place. He immediately started on his return down the river and proceeded under a heavy fire from the rebels. When some miles below the Shublaka cataract Col. Wilson's steamers were wrecked, but he and his whole party managed to reach an island in safety where they are secure. A steamer has gone to bring them back to the British camp near Metemneh."

Gen. Wolseley says he has no information regarding the fate of Gen. Gordon and does not know whether he is dead or alive.

There is no longer any doubt but that the Mahdi holds possession of the town of Khartoum. Some hopes are still entertained that Gen. Gordon may still be holding out in the citadel of the town.

A native reports that the Mahdi had 60,000 men in the vicinity of Khartoum, and that he introduced a number of his emissaries into the city. The emissaries mingled freely with the native troops under Gen. Gordon, and by bribes, and threats and working on their religious feelings induced them to mutiny. Seven thousand of the garrison deserted to the rebels, leaving Gordon only 2,500 faithful soldiers. With this small force he attempted to hold the city against the Mahdi's great army, but after severe fighting, in which a large number of the rebels were killed, he was compelled to surrender.

When Sir Chas. Wilson reached Khartoum he found the Mahdi's forces occudied both the town and citadel. He tried to land and ascertain the fate of General Gordon, but this step he found impossible. The enemy's guns were turned upon him in full force. He was therefore compelled to turn his back upon the fallen city.

The news of the downfall of Khartoum has created grave apprehensions in regard to the whole Egyptian problem among the members of the cabinet. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville started for London as soon as the news reached them. The cabinet council will be held this evening.

2,000 MEN MASSACRED AT KHARTOUM.

Cairo, Feb. 6.—Rumors have reached here that 2,000 men were massacred at Khartoum. The news of the disaster has cast a gloom over the entire European colony in Egypt. The English garrison now consists of 1,200 at Alexandria, 3,850 at Cairo and 150 marines at Suez. There are no forces at Port Said excepting one gunboat. The man-of-war Monarch is at Alexandria.

THE MAHDI THREATENS TO WIPE THE ENGLISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

London, Feb. 6.—The following is the message from the Madhi to Col. Wilson: "I call upon you to surrender. I shall not write again. If you do not become Mohamedans, I will wipe you off the face of the earth." The statement is confirmed that Faraz Pasha treacherously made terms with El Mahdi whereby the latter was enabled to capture Khartoum.

Gen. Wolseley sends the following dispatch: "Calvot's convoy has reached Gubat safely. The enemy at Metemneh have been entirely inactive since January 28. The rebel force there is estimated at between two and three thousand men, of whom 250 are horsemen and 500 have rifles. Our men are in good health. The wounded are doing well.

The Kabbabish tribes are still carrying messages and supplies for us to Gakdul Wells. A message has been sent to ascertain the fate of Gen. Gordon." The decision of the cabinet in giving General Wolseley a *carte blanche* has caused the liveliest joy everywhere. Groups of people are gathered in the streets reading the latest issues of the evening papers.

EXCITEMENT AT THE WAR OFFICE AT LONDON.

London, Feb. 6.—The war office was thronged throughout the day yesterday with foreign ministers, members of the house of commons and other public officials. Orders have been sent to Portsmouth to hold the various transports now there in readiness for immediate service. At various political and other meetings had throughout the kingdom yesterday the speakers expressed sympathy with Gen. Gordon and the hope that the government would adopt vigorous and decisive measures. The newspaper offices arebesieged with anxious inquirers. Mr. Wilfred Blunt says it is his opinion that the Mahdi being humane and well accustomed to the usages of war, will treat Gen. Gordon well.

THE SOUDAN WAR TO BE PROSECUTED.

London, Feb. 8.—General Wolseley asked for specific orders as to what he should do in event of General Gordon being found dead. After a very animated and prolonged discussion the cabinet replied that the campaign should be prosecuted until the rebellion was suppressed.

MRS. DUDLEY BUOYANT.

New York, Feb. 5.—O'Donovan Rossa's assailant, Mrs. Dudley, was in her usual placid frame of mind this morning when a reporter called to see her. She had just finished reading four letters which had been brought to her from the morning mail. One of them bore the postmark of Wilkesbarre, the others were from this city. Mrs. Dudley said she had received congratulatory messages from both Englishmen and Irishmen. Some offered assistance, others advice. She read, with considerable amusement, the report from London that she had during her youth studied for the stage. She is still reticent concerning her personal history.

It is said that the French railroad companies are about to adopt an electric gate opener. A catch connected with an electro-magnet keeps the gates closed. When a train approaches it closes the circuit, releases the catch, and the gates fly open. The last train as it passes through opens the circuit, and the gates are again closed. The same apparatus rings a bell violently on the approach of a train.

Lead tanks which withstood sulphuric acid perfectly, Mr. S. P. Sharples reports, were soon destroyed by hydrochloric acid. In some recent experiments undertaken to destroy cotton fibre by means of hot hydrochloric acid it was found that leadlined vessels were soon rendered useless by it. Even the cold acid could not be kept in wooden tanks lined with lead. Most authors say that lead is only slightly affected by hydrochloric acid.

On brass, a technical journal says, a steel color is developed by using a boiling solution of arsenic chloride, while a careful application of a concentrated solution of sodium sulphide causes a blue coloration. Black being generally used for optical instruments, is obtained from a solution of platinum chloride to which tin nitrate has been added. In Japan the brass is bronzed by using a boiling solution of copper sulphate, alum, and verdigris.

Some remarks were recently made by M. F. Tisserand on the theory of the figure of the planets. His calculations and estimates of their present form were founded upon the assumption that the celestial bodies were originally in the fluid state, subject only to the mutual attraction of their constituent elements, and endowed with a rotary movement with very slight angular velocity. Their outer surface would thus be somewhat of a revolving ellipsoid.

M. F. A. Forel has stated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, that a second trip to the Alps, made toward the end of August, has enabled him to confirm and complete the details of the luminous phenomena observed around the sun in Switzerland, as previously communicated by him. He invites aeronauts to study some of these effects of light, and especially the red corona round the sun, scarcely able to be perceived from the plains and low elevations, but perfectly visible at altitudes of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level.

It has been proved beyond all doubt that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the metal because of the affinity of several of their constituents, the result being generally lead carbonate. Minute quantities of lead introduced into the system must rank among the factors of anæmia and defective nutritions in large towns. Therefore, concludes M. A. Hamon, pipes, cisterns, and utensils of lead ought entirely to disappear.

At a factory at Thann, France, the first products of the distilation of crude benzol, which are called light benzol, are used in dissolving caoutchouc. A workman engaged in making the solution died of poison taken into the system during the operation. The light benzol contains, besides carbon disulphide, ethylic alcohol, carbides of the series of the olefines, amylen, hexelen, etc., benzol, methylcyanide, or aceto-nitrile, a small quantity of an isocyandic. Messrs. Werner and Noelting have traced the poisonous properties of ordinary benzol to a little of this isocyanide. Animals poisoned with ethyl isocyanide exhibited the same symptoms as the person who fell a victim to the light benzol of Thann. The benzol, when freed from the isocyanide, had no poisonous action.

John Avis, jailor of Jefferson county, Virginia, during the whole time that John Brown was in prison, denies in an affidavit that Brown kissed a negro child in its mother's arms on his way to the scaffold, or expressed thanks that he was "allowed to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must." His only remarks between his cell and scaffold were commonplace, about the beauty of the country and the weather. As to kissing a child, nothing of the sort could have occured, for a guard of soldiers surrounded him, and allowed no person to come between them and the prisoner, except his escorts.

There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money—money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

KILLED AND INJURED ON RAILROAD TRACK.

Huntingdon, Feb. 8.—Annie and Ella Miller, aged 17 and 13 respectively, were struck by the express at Mapleton last night, Ella was instantly killed and Anna was seriously injured, but will probably recover. The girls were walking on the railroad track and were on their way home from prayer meeting.

When your children are threatened with croup or whooping-cough, beware how you lull them to sleep with cough syrups whose principle ingredients are morphia or opium. The natural effort of the lungs to expel the suffocating mucus is coughing. Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine contains no morphia or opium in any form, and by its stimulating actions on the kidneys, bowels, and pores of the skin, more than any other remedy, assists Nature in breaking up and expelling the worst colds from the system. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold everywhere. Johnston, Holloway, & Co., Philadelphia, Agents.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

BLIZZARDS GETTING WORSE IN ILLINOIS.

Jacksonville, Ills, Feb. 9.—The worst blizzard of the season began last night, accompanied by thunder and lightning. It has been raining all of to-day, and to-night at seven o'clock the thermometer stood at zero, but it was rapidly getting colder. All trains are delayed. The Chicago & Alton refuse to take out stock trains for the north. At Franklin a livery stable was struck by lightning, killing a horse. Two boys were knocked senseless and the entire village was shaken up by the shock.

Get us one new subscriber and $2.25 and pay us $2.25 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly World" and the "Reporter" 1 year. tf

Gen. Gordan was treacherously murdered at Khartoum.

Dubuque, Iowa, morning of 10, 31 below zero.

Accounts of great snowstorms this week from all parts of the west.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.25 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

The country of the Upper Nile was, *par excellence*, the wonderland of the Roman world, as it is still the grandest outdoor museum of natural curiosities. Zoologically there is no more densely populated country. All the wild beasts and birds, made homeless by the devastation of Northern Africa, seem to have taken refuge in the Nubian highlands. In the terraceland of the Nubian and Abyssinian Alps there roam herds of elephants, buffaloes, wild goats, wild sheep, and fourteen different species of wild antelopes. Further below the hippopotamus and white rhinoceros haunt the river swamps.

Prof. Blanford enumerates 290 species of water birds. With these harmless settlers less desirable guests have crowded in—the spotted hyena, the jackal, the black and yellow lion, four spiecies of smaller cats, wild dogs, and, above all, the cynocephalus, the wily and mischievous baboon. Three varieties of these Darwinian pets inhabit the rocks of Southern Nubia—the little babuin, the cynocephalus proper, and the celada, or mantle baboon, a fierce and powerful fellow, whose shaggy mane protects his body like a cloak, and enables him to brave the climate of the upper highlands. Profs. Kuppel and Hotton agree on the fact that a troop of these brutes, in ravaging a corn-field, will not only hold their ground against all comers, but on the slightest provocation take the offensive in a way not likely to be forgotten by the unarmed natives. Dogs have no chance whatever against a full-grown baboon. The old males do not wait to be attacked, but charge them at once with an energy and skill of co-operation that would do credit to a troop of well-drilled soldiers. The hyrax, a queer pachderm, allied to the European badger, coinhabits the rocks with a hibernating marmot, and the coast jungles swarm with wild hogs that multiply undisturbed, for the Abyssinian natives share the pork prejudices of their Mohammedan neighbors.

The Eastern Caucasus was formerly a similar hunter's paradise, but the hungry Muscovites clean out the forests at the rate of eight square miles a year, and when the irrepressible conflict between the bison and the pot-hunter of the Great West shall have made our happy hunting-grounds a tradition of the past, the Upper Nils will, perhaps, become a rendezvous for the sportsment of all Caucasian nations.

"Did you know," he said, in a hushed, awed tone, "that unscrupulous dealers use glue in their ice cream to give it firmness?" "No," she responded, in an even voice, as she clinked her spoon suggestively against the bottom of the empty saucer; "but even if it were true, I should never feel stuck up over one plateful." And he silently groaned as he ordered in a second allowance.

THE PAST.

Into the moonlight of the past,
To silence deep subsiding,
The Present, with its uproar loud,
Forevermore is gliding;
There, backward drifting more and more,
Its men and things grow dimmer,
Till what was once as sunshine clear
Fades to a twilight glimmer.

Thus time that is to time that was
With noiseless lapse is changing,
And we that live; to shadows turned,
Will ghost-land soon be ranging;
As ranged of yore the phantoms thin,
The lifeworn, spent and weary,
The throngs unnumbered of the dead
Through Homer's Hades dreary.

The hours are brief while overhead
The sun for us is shining;
Then wherefore brood upon the Past,
For dead and gone repining?
We shall not fall its phantoms pale
To join at last forever—
At last to know the languid flow
Of Lethe's fabled river.

When we are gone the years will still
Be coming and be going,
The decades into centuries swell,
No pause nor respite knowing,
New eras take the place of old,
Old things be wholly rotten,
Until our dwindling point of time,
Long lapsed shall be forgotten.

Its modes, beliefs and arts be strange
To those for future ages,
As modes which History's sire records
Upon its hoary pages.
For on thought's threshold still we stand,
Brute instincts low obeying;
But Mind and Reason pure will yet
Some future grand be swaying.

FOUND.

A trim New England kitchen, with its floor of knotty pine boards scoured to a snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth reflecting back the gleam of the crackling hickory logs and the dresser full of glittering tins put mathematically straight, after the coming meal—this was the scene upon which the autumn sun glowered redly for an instant through the narrow window panes, ere it went down behind a bank of slate-colored clouds in the west—and Miss Jemima Buxford, glancing up at the clock on a little wooden shelf between the windows, saw that it was half-past five o'clock.

"Bless me, how the time does go on!" said Miss Jemima. "And it don't seem as if I accomplished nothin' what with runnin' arter your everlastin' whims, Ebeneezer!"

Ebeneezer Buxford, his autocratic sister's senior by twenty good years, looked deprecatingly up from his cushioned nook in the chimney corner—a weak, feeble-kneed old man, with scanty gray hairs brushed into a meek little wisp on the top of his head, watery blue eyes and a complexion like well-cured parchment.

"I know I'm a deal o' trouble, Jemimy," said the old man apologetically, "but I try not to make any more than I can help."

"No, you don't neither!" snapped Jemima. "I hain't no patience with your old pipe and your everlastin' smoke, smoke, smokin', till we all smell like an old bar room, and there ain't a curtain in the house that don't tell its own story. I tell ye what, Ebeneezer Buxford, you've just got to leave off that mis'able habit!"

Ebeneezer shrank instinctively at the hard, cruel tone.

"But—Jemimy——"

"I'm in earnest, Ebeneezer."

"But Ellen Dennison says——"

"I don't care two snaps o' my finger what Ellen Dennison says—a pert minx, just as full o' airs and graces as her mother was afore her, though she was my own sister. If Ellen chooses to make a fuss over you and indulge you in every whim, I don't—that's all there is to it! I ain't going to have this smokin' going on. You've just got to quit it!"

"I might as well quit livin', Jemimy. For forty seven year——"

Miss Jemima, however, did not stay to hear the end of the speech, but burst out of the room, muttering to herself sentences of which the import boded little good.

"He'll be right down vexed, though," thought the spinster, "when he knows I've sold them there packets of Virginia tobacco he brought home on his last sea voyage. It's odd a man can keep voyagin' to furrin parts all his life and not lay up no money, arter all. But Ebenezer never was savin' like the rest o' the Buxfords."

And Jemima went up stairs to rummage in an old red chest where she kept her treasures for a hank of mixed yarn to finish a pair of socks she had on hand.

Old Ebenezer waited patiently by the kitchen fire the while, until he heard a light footstep on the door-stone without; and his face brightened as Ellen Dennison came in.

She was a tall, fresh complexioned girl, with a face which, if not absolutely pretty, was pleasing, and a light figure whose grace was patterned after the waving rushes by the riverside and the tall young elms in the meadow below.

"Well, uncle!" she said cheerily.

"I've been waitin' for you, Ellen," the old man whispered, beckoning her to come close to him. "She—she won't bring me no more 'baccy, and I haven't had a whiff since four o'clock."

Ellen bit her lip.

"I'll bring you some at once, Uncle Eben."

"There ain't none left in the tin box!" went on the old man, detaining her with a grip of her neat calico dress. "You'll have to go to the packet o' blue paper in the corner cupboard up stairs—the genuine stuff I brought from old Virginia years and years ago, when I warn't the old wreck I am now! Get the top package, Nell—the top one, remember!"

"Yes, uncle."

And away tripped Ellen, carrying her lighted candle through the gloomy entries, like a rustic embodiment of Dawn bearing her herald star.

Miss Jemima met her at the head of the first flight of wooden uncarpeted steps.

"Where are you going, Ellen Dennison?"

"To get some tobacco for Uncle Ebenezer."

"There ain't none left."

Yes, there is, in the packet he brought from Norfolk in the Lively Sally."

"But I tell you there ain't!" reiterated Miss Jemima. "I sold it yesterday—to a peddler that came along. He gave me five dollars for it."

"You sold it?"

Miss Jemima nodded her head defiantly.

"Yes, I sold it, and you need'nt stare at me as if I'd committed a State-prison offense, miss. I'd do the same thing over again. I mean to break up Ebenezer's miserable trick of smokin'. An old man that's dependent on his relatives for his daily bread hain't no business with luxuries like tobacco—and he'll get no more in this house."

Ellen Dennison answered nothing, but she turned and went quietly down stairs, with her cheeks flushed an indignant scarlet. Miss Jemima followed her.

"Uncle," said the girl calmly, as the old man raised his bleared, expectant eyes toward her, "there is no tobacco there."

"I've sold it!' quoth Miss Jemima, putting her arms akimbo.

"You've—sold—my tobacco! My blue Virginian brand?"

"Yes, I have; and where's the harm, I'd like to know? I wasn't goin' to have it cluttern' up my cupboard no longer! I've sold it for five dollars."

"Then," said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmness, "you've just got five dollars for a pack of the best Blue Virginia tobacco that was ever put into a pipe bowl, and four hundred dollars in money, that was in a tin box in the lowest pound parcel but two. That's where I'd stored away my little savin's. I thought they'd be safe there—but they wasn't it seems. You've had your own way, Jemima, and I hope you feel better!"

Miss Jemima's lower jaw dropped.

"'Sakes alive! why didn't ye tell me on it, Ebenezer Buxford?"

"Because I didn't choose," said the old man bitterly. "I'm sorry on Ellen's account. I meant she should have money of her own, but as for you, Jemimy, I'm free to say that I believe it serves you right!"

Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat down on a low chair by the table, letting her head fall into her hands. To the griping, avaricious old woman, to whom a dollar seemed a bright idol to be worshipped and bowed down before, this loss was most disastrous, and none the less so, because it had been wrought through her own secret, spiteful officiousness. The tears, hard salt, and bitter as the waters of the Dead Sea, oozed one by one down her red eyelids, and fell on the table; a low choking sob, like the croaking of a bird of prey, borke from her lips.

But, alas! her repentance had come too late.

The autumn wore itself on, and when the first snow flakes drizzled through the dull, gray air, they buried old Ebenezer Buxford under the leafless willows in the country graveyard.

Aunt Jemima packed up her belongings and went with her niece to a distant State, where they could buy a little place and try to earn their living by means of a market garden; and so they dwelt for two or three years.

Jemima Buxford had laid her plans to keep her niece with her always. Ellen was so bright and helpful and full of odd, ever ready resources, but Love sprang into the scale opposite old Jemima, and Love outweighed her. Ellen promised to marry George Stapleton, who had the largest farm and the most substantial farm house in all the neighborhood.

"So you are from Millowfield? Queer old place, that," said George one evening as he sat on Miss Jemima's door-step, meditatively chewing a straw. "I came through there once, years ago, when I drove a peddler's cart."

"You!" echoed Ellen—"a peddler's cart?"

"Yes; that's the way I laid the foundation of my fortunes, such as they are. I didn't always own a farm of four hundred acres. And the oddest thing happened to me there.'

Aunt Jemima put on her spectacles and stared hard at Mr. Stapleton, while Ellen asked:

"What was it?"

"Well, I stopped at a strange little out-of-the-way house under a hill to get a drink of water one morning, and a little old woman with her face tied up with the toothache, and a sunbonnet tipped down over her nose, like an old witch——"

"Humph!" interjected Aunt Jemima.

"Came out," pursued the unconscious George, "and wanted me to buy a lot of tobacco. Well, tobacco wasn't exactly in my line, but the old woman was very anxious to be rid of it, so I closed the bargain at five dollars; cheap enough, but at the same time as much as I could afford to pay. And I never opened the packet until a month afterward, when I was going up into the lumber districts, where I expected to find a good market for that sort of thing. And here comes in the queer part of my story. When I was making up my pound packages of tobacco into small parcels, suitable to my trade, I found in one of them, tied and papered like the rest, a tin box with——"

"Four hundred dollars in bills in it!" fairly screamed Aunt Jemima. "Yes, I know. I sold you that ar' tobacco! And when you found you'd got what was never intended for you why didn't you bring it back?"

"Gently, gently' Miss Buxford," said George Stapleton. "I did bring it back the very next week, for although the temptation to keep it was very strong, yet it somehow lay heavy on my conscience. And when I got back the old house was shut up, and not a soul in the neighborhood could tell me where the family had moved to!"

"And that's true!" assented Aunt Jemima, who had never lived on the best of terms with her neighbors. "Well, seein' the money's to come back to the family again—don't blush so, Ellen, I hain't said no harm! But I kind o' wish I hadn't sold the Blue Virginny. Not for the money's sake—but my poor old brother Ebenezer——"

And Aunt Jemima got up and went into the house, while Ellen lifted her soft eyes to her lover's face, saying:

"I feel as if Uncle Ebenezer had put the money into my hands, for he always intended it to be mine, George!"

"And I," said George Stapleton, "begin to believe in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction!"

Bethlehem.

A traveler in the Holy Land says: Bethlehem, containing about 6,000 inhabitants, is located on the brow of a hill, and may be classed as a rather imposing place for Palestine. Some gushy tourists, who think it their duty to bestow enthusiastic praise upon everything that is found in the Holy Land, have broken forth into rapture at the mention of the name. The inhabitants are mostly "Christians," the Jew Moslems who live here having been detailed in 1875 to guard the Church of the Nativity, and maintain peace, if possible, between the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. The town is a tolerably lively place—especially when tourists are on hand ready to be scalped by the gentle native. The streets are lined with booths for the sale of beads, rosaries, bracelets, crucifixes, photographs, flower albums, and various Holy Land souvenirs in olive wood, mother-of-pearl and Dead Sea asphaltum. Most of these curios are manufactured in Bethlehem on quite a large scale, but in a primitive way. At present there are not many travelers visiting the Holy Land on account of the cholera scare of the last year; but when a party of fifty or a hundred pilgrims strikes the town, as frequently happens during ordinary tourists' seasons, myriad runners for these shops, together with the itinerant peddlers and the common street beggars, seem to be almost crazed by the rare opportunity for selling relics and craving backsheesh. They rush about in a frenzied way, the shop hangers-on fairly dragging victims into their establishments, and the venders of portable stock following people to the very doors of the church.

Owing to its elevation, Bethlehem is peculiarly exposed to the heat. When the south wind blows, the people say that there will be heat, and most emphatically it cometh to pass,—just as it did in Christ's day. The chief attraction in Bethlehem is, of course, the "Church of the Nativity." This church, a vast rambling pile, in a conspicuous portion of the town, is the joint possession of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. Certain backsheeshes are expected by certain functionaries in charge for certain dubious services, and in one part of the structure is quite an imposing dining-room, in which, for a small consideration, pilgrims may eat their lunch.

The Home Life.

One of the surest and safest tests of a man's character is the life he leads at home. We care not how great he may be in the world's eye, how high his position, how wide-spread his fame, if he fails in the exercise of those virtues that most adorn private life, if he is faithless to those to whom he should be most faithful, if he is false to the obligations which spring from the holiest and most tender relations, then he fails in the essential things if he is not at heart a base hypocrite, the most despicable of men.

Not unfrequently men parade before the world as generous and philanthropic, while at home they act the part of miserly, petty tyrants. They are generous where they think their gifts are likely to return measure for measure through popular favors, but niggardly where they find it safe to be so without detriment to their purses. Others are courteous and affable in their business intercourse through the day, but carry home at night their frowns and sighs and peevish fault-finding to chase away what little happiness their absence left behind.

The home life is the real life, the life in which men act out their true natures. It is within the privacy of home where to a great extent men exhibit those weaknesses and tendencies which motives of policy or social restraints cause to be hidden or controlled elsewhere. It is also within the sacred precincts of the home that the rarest virtues and graces that ennoble human character are found in their freest exercise. The really good or great man contributes to the home life the best things there are in his nature. It has his deepest sympathy, his tenderest regard, his most loyal and enduring affection. In its care and protection his manhood asserts itself more strongly, and for its peace and happiness he holds nothing too dear for sacrifice.

The Law of Finding.

The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against the world, except the owner. The proprietor of a coach, or a railroad car, or a shop has no right to demand the property or premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property, which may bind their employes, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's bench 100 years ago, in a case in which the facts were these:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded the wallet and the money from the shop-keeper. The latter refused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found upon his premises. The former then sued the shop-keeper, and it was held as above set forth, that, against all the world but the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in an action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. They have no power in absence of special statute to keep an article against the finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

Ranging Over the Sea.

A stormy sea on every side, nothing to stand on but a ledge of slippery rock, barely six inches wide, the tide rising higher every moment, night coming on, no help within reach, and not a living soul in sight. This is just one of those ventures which are a good deal pleasanter to read about after dinner, in a snug arm chair by the fire, than to meet oneself; and it was just in this agreeable position that I found myself on a gloomy March evening in one of the loneliest parts of the Northern seas.

In the short lived brightness of Summer, when two whole months are one long day, during which the sun never sets, even the treeless islands of the far North make a charming picture. With the grass green in the valleys, and the sky blue overhead, and the sea sparkling in dancing ripples, so far as the eye can reach—Orkney, Shetland, Faroe, and old Iceland itself, are a match for anything in Switzerland or the Crimea. But in Winter or early Spring, when everything is bleak and gloomy and desolate, and when roaring gales and torrents of rain come turn about with the frosts that seem able to split a solid rock, it is a very different matter, as I was now beginning to learn to my cost.

How I had got into the scrape is easily told. One of those deceitfull spells of fine weather, which in these high, northern latitudes too often mislead even an experienced traveler in to thinking the Spring storms fairly over, had set in two or three days before. Such a chance was not to be lost. I was as eager as Robinson Crusoe himself to explore the island, and heretofore, what with brooding mists, swollen torrents and impassible bogs, I had seen nothing of it beyond the two huge gray ridges that shut in the little hut of big stones and driftwood which sheltered myself and the hard-faced old fisherman with whom I had taken up my quarters.

My first start on this voyage of discovery, however, was not a success. I had ventured over the slippery, wood-coated rocks to a very solitary craig (one of those isolated "stacks" so common in the northern seas), which seemed to have been torn from the main cliff by some convulsions ages ago. Once there, I had forgotten all about the tide, till I suddenly found that my peninsula had become an island, and that I was in a very awkward "fix."

Had the sea been calm, I could have swam ashore in half a dozen strokes; but Captain Webb himself would have had no chance among the furious waves that made the very cliff tremble with blows, and dashed up their foam as high as the ledge on which I stood.

The strongest man on earth could not have leaped across the gulf that yawned between me and the main headland; and even had the leap been possible, a cat could not have found footing on the grim precipice beyond.

To escape seemed impossible; to stay where I was until the rising waves swept me off the rock would be a slower but an equally certain death.

What was to be done?

Suddenly a thought struck me. I know that the cliffs of the northern islands, constantly sawed away by lashing waves, often beetle over so as to make the distance between their tops less than a fourth of what it is lower down. I determined to climb higher, and soon found a place where two huge crags, jutting out toward each other from the opposing precipices, made a jump barely possible. It was not pleasant to look from that fearful height into the roaring sea, and think what would happen if I fell short or failed to make good my footing upon the narrow, uneven, spray-lashed ledge on the other side of the gulf.

But I knew that the longer I thought of it the worse it would be; so, drawing myself together, I shot out into the empty air. The next moment I found myself (I hardly knew how) safe on the other side.

Safe—but what next? Except that I was now beyond the reach of the tide I seemed to be not a whit better off than before. Although I was at least a hundred feet above the sea, the mighty precipice still rose more than fifty feet overhead, gaunt and bare as Mount Sinai itself, without an inch of foothold. Worse still, I could see by the angry redness of the setting sun and the great mass of leaden cloud which was gathering to windward, that a storm was rising which would whirl me off that narrow shelf like a straw.

Just then I was startled by a harsh, horrible cry close beside me, which I had heard too often not to know at once for the shriek of the northern raven. And there it came, the huge, black, hideous thing, circling round and round me, with its gloomy wings outspread like the shadow of death, and its fiery eyes fixed hungrily upon me as if already marking me for its prey.

Shaken as my nerves were by fatigue and exhaustion, I could not restrain a passing shudder at the sight of this horrible creature, which (as the northern islanders firmly believe), is drawn by an unerring instinct to the lost and helpless man who is about to become its victim. I shouted, to scare it away but it only drew off a little, and then continued to hover over me as before.

But just then my eye caught a cleft, or, rather, seam, that ran up the face of the precipice a little to my right, the edges of which, gaped and splintered by years of storm, seemed to promise some foothold. I sidled along the ledge till I reached it, and, buttoning my coat tightly, to give the wind as little hold as possible, I began the ascent.

Such a climb I never had before or since. Twice did the stones to which I clung give way and go crashing down into the raging sea below. The sharp edges tore my hands, the brittle stones broke under my feet, while the screams of the hovering raven mingled drearily with the howling wind, which tugged and buffeted me like a living enemy. Were the top to beetle over so that I could not scale it, I knew that I could never get down again. But at length, cut, bruised and utterly worn out, I dragged myself wearily up on to the highest ledge, and was safe at last.

But the best part of the adventure was still to come. Scarcely had I made good my footing when I caught sight of a man who, seated close to the edge of the precipice, appeared to be taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery. So intent was he upon his work that even the grating of my feet upon the rock, as I scrambled to the highest ledge, did not seem to rouse him; but suddenly he looked up to take a fresh view of the landscape, and there I stood in front of him, a ghastly figure. My coat was torn to rags, my face and hands were covered with blood from countless gashes, my whole figure was dripping with salt water, and black as a sweep from head to foot; and, although seen through the gathering dimness of evening against the red glare of the stormy sunset, I have no doubt that I looked as grim and hideous as any pirate who never cut a throat.

One glance was quite enough for the dismayed artist. Down went pencil and drawing block, and away he flew, with such amazing speed that I could hardly see which way he went. What he took me for, or what account he afterward gave of the adventure, I have never been able to find out; but if he ever thought of taking a portrait of me as I first appeared to him, it must certainly have been the most striking sketch in his whole collection. Whence the artist came, or who he was, remains as profound a mystery to me as whither he went.

Bancroft, the Historian.

Bancroft, the historian, is one of the most noticeable figures in Washington society. The remarkable preservation of his vigor at the advanced age of 84 years, is what makes him the most interesting. He is not the most charming conversationalist in the world. He fairly roars as he talks. He appears always as if he were addressing some one a dozen yards away. He shouts several sentences at a friend in this high key and then without waiting or listening to anyone else he moves to address some one else. He calls as much as the most active society young man. He darts in and out of the leading houses of the town with a light skip that is almost offensive in its exuberant agility. This veteran still has a slim, erect figure. His legs are straight. There is no weakness there. He holds himself together with all that goes to make a good military set-up. He is especially agide in the presence of ladies, and under the inspiring glance of a lovely society bud, the veteran curvets, shies and skips with the lightsome grace of some of the thoroughbreds he has been so fond of riding in the past.

This is a picture of him as I saw him the other day: He sat in a low, easy pony phaeton drawn by a stout black horse, wearing a plain, unornamented harness. Just back of him in the rumble sat his favorite colored groom, who held the reins over the historian's left shoulder. The old man wore a dark-blue untrimmed Prussian officer's cap pulled well down upon his gleaming eyes, looking out through a huge pair of round, heavily gold-mounted glasses resting upon a real hawk nose. A snowy-white, silky mustache and beard brought out his fresh color, and stood out in strong contrast with the dull black of his heavy pilot-cloth overcoat, while about his legs was an afghan of red, black, and yellow worsteds. It was a warm, sunny day. His horse jogged along with a steady gait, while the veteran roared as a lilloquy at his servant about his calling places. The man leaned forward deferentially and superintended the calling list. When he said stop the veteran would throw aside his afghan and skip up the steps, seeming to restrain himself by an effort from turning handsprings on his way.

Mr. Bancroft leads a very regular life, and as he has always taken a great deal of out-door exercise, it is not hard to account for his long life. He has never burdened himself with work. He has been all his long life writing a history that could have been written in ten years with moderate labor. One page of manuscript a day of 250 words he regards as a good day's work. Mr. Blaine, his fellow-historian, a man in the full vigor of his life, regards 1,000 words a day as all any man can be expected to do well for a period of protracted work. Think of this, oh! merciless editors, who crack the whip over newspaper reporters!

A His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning, and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle, and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The female portion of the audience was much exercised, and gave many expressions of pity.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of everyone present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier.

Seizing him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, he sighted the new sea wall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away.

One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patting the Newfoundland dog, said: "This dog is mine, and I would not take one thousand dollars for him at this moment.

A Story of the Surf.

About 11 P. M., on 15th, Patrolman Eugene Clisby was returning from the western beat to the station when his watchful eye detected a vessel's light through the mist in close proximity to the eastern end of Miacomet Rip. He hastened to set off a warning light, but after one or two attempts, failing to ignite it, and seeing he was losing valuable time, he hastened to the house and called all hands, hurrying out again and setting off his light, but it was too late, as the unfortunate craft was then nearly upon the beach. The men quickly gathered, and ascertaining what of their apparatus would be necessary hastened to the station and hauled the handcart rapidly to the spot. The surf was raging with terrific fury, completely enveloping the vessel at times and the men in the darkness were compelled to keep high on the beach. The tall masts could be discerned, wringing and twisting, threatening to go over the side at any moment. At that time it was found that the crew had all taken refuge in the lee-mizzen rigging and Captain Veeder then shot a line over the jib stay, throwing it thus far forward to avoid hitting any person on board. But none of the poor fellows in the rigging dared to leave to secure the line.

Finally Patrolman Williams, selecting a smooth time, rushed down with a hand line and succeeding in landing it safely upon the bow. The sailors were then made to understand this fact, and when the sea was calm for a few seconds carefully made their way forward and secured the line, hauling it in and making it fast. But they, being at work with but the feeble light of their side lanterns, could not see that a tail block was fast to the line, and it again required much shouting to make them continue hauling. When the block came in sight their quick sailor eyes apparently brightened and they knew at once what should be done. Making it fast to the capstan, the word was shouted to those on shore, and it was but the work of a very few moments to whip off a hawser and arrange the breeches buoy for landing the eager seaman. The seas rolled the vessel so that the hawser could not be kept taut, and as she would lurch shoreward it would sag, touching the sand, and then with her reverse motion snap back taut; consequently it required two men to support the cruches which held up the shore end of the hawser. Under these difficulties, and in almost total darkness, the work of bringing the men to shore proceeded. Some of them who came over the line when the seas threw in the most fiercely were at times submerged in the water and then jerked a oft by the sudden tightening of the hawser; and one, more unfortunate than his companions, became entangled in the breeches buoy and was carried up feet first, and then fell, but was caught by the ready hands of the surfmen, escaping unharmed. By midnight the crew were all ashore. The vessel proved to be the three-masted schooner Warren Sawyer, with a crew of seven men.

Line Cossacks.

That woman under favorable conditions may become the perfect equal of man has been demonstrated, and the following is only a new instance in proof of the above statement. The Line Cossacks of the Terek, a river falling into the Caspian Sea, are the descendants of immigrants who came to the Caucasus during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. Afterwards, in consequence of the religious persecutions in Russia this number was greatly augmented by the Old Ceremonials, or Old Believers, who found here a safe refuge from religious intolerance. These immigrants were transformed into Cossacks, i. e., became half farmers and half warriors. The men, being in constant war with the Caucasian mountaineers, were obliged to leave the cultivation of their gardens and fields to their wives and daughters. All able-bodied Cossacks are enlisted in the irregular cavalry, and spend nearly half their lives in military duty. In recent times this has been very much modified, and they have more leisure; still a considerable part of their best years is spent away from home. The women do all the work, and the consciousness that the welfare and prosperity of the entire household is acquired and maintained solely by their exertions makes them very influential. Constant masculine labor and business transactions have given to the Cossack woman an independent, self-relying character, and have developed in a remarkable degree her common-sense, energy and general ability. The women for the most part are much stronger and handsomer than the men. Intellectually and morally they stand also much higher than the Cossacks, and among them the percentage of illiterate persons is much lower. The Line Cossacks of the Terek are of Great Russian origin, and though in constant intercourse with the Caucasian mountaineer tribes, they have conserved in great purity their language and religion. But frequent intermarriages have greatly modified the original type, and a remarkable feature of the beautiful Cossack girls is the combination of the dark complexion and grace of their ancestral traits with the powerful body of the northern women. The Cossack villages, managed by women, are surrounded by vineyards, gardens, and extensive cornfields, with large herds of cattle in the pastures. Prosperity and even opulence are seen everywhere; no better place could be chosen to show what common, ignorant women may do, even if only partially released from the ignoble fetters which hinder their free development in the greater part of the barbarian and civilized world.

The use of terra-cotta tiles for the roofing of buildings is now advocated by engineers of the highest repute in place of slate and other popular materials. The tiles are very light, owing to the rectangular holes traversing them longitudinally; but recent experiments have shown that they are capable of bearing the enormous pressure of 394 pounds per square foot, and, when protected from blows by a thin sheathing, furnish one of the best materials available for the floors of large structures.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, even though its length would ordinarily preclude its admission to our limited space.

To the Ed tor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR,—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America, and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation, by means of a remedy, which he urged me to try. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfilment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one-half of the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and probable death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequence.

J. B. HENION, M. D.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

DURING a recent picnic on the banks of the Chattahoochie some Atlanta bloods attempted to engineer a skiff race. When the struggle was at its best one of the skiffs upset and emptied its two occupants into the water. There was immediately a great panic and effort to save the two men. One old party on the bank capered up and down, yelling at every jump:

"Save that red-headed man! For heaven's sake land that red-headed man! Great Scott, don't let that red-headed man drown!'

And when they were both saved one of the rescuers said to the old party:

"Was that young red-headed man your son?"

"Not by a blank sight!"

"Some relation, probably?"

"Nary prob!"

"Well, why were you so anxious to have him saved?"

"Why, the blank fool has got a $10,000 life policy in the company I represent!"

And then it was only by good begging that he saved himself from a ride on a fence-rail.

THEY were talking about the times and the general disinclination to buy large stocks or make heavy investments, when a bald-headed man edged into the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been living beyond our means, and we must get down to hard pan and begin over again."

"That may be all very true," replied one of the others, "but who will begin?"

"I have already begun," said the bald-head. "I was worth $30,000; I bought $20,000 worth of city lots and started to build a $75,000 mansion. The result is that I am right down to bed-rock and ready to begin anew. Do any of you happen to know of a good opening for a dancing master?"

ONE night while John McCullough was playing "Virginius" in Little Rock, a lean, old fellow from the hills, while standing at the foot of the opera house stairs, was accosted by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Uncle Billy, are you going to see the show?"

"What sort of a show is it, Lige?"

'One o' these here actin' shows, whar men an' women comes out on the platform an' bow and scrape."

"No hosses in it, Lige?"

"No hosses, Uncle Billy."

"Then I don't believe I'll go up. I got enough o' that sort o' thing when Abe Spiller's school shet down. We've seed all they can do. Come on here an' let's go 'round here whar that fellow is playin' a fiddle in a grocery."

GREAT LAWYER—"Ah, Mr. Winks, glad to see you. The verdict is in."

Client—"Already?"

"Yes, sir; I knew I would get it. You receive $5000, but you are to pay half the costs."

"Fair enough, I'm sure. What are the costs?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"THEY say two-story flats are all the rage in New York."

"Yes, so I hear; and if you aren't more careful always to tell a story the same way, they'll be wanting to get you there."

Deafness.—A specialist who has collected a museum of about 500 casts of the interior of the human mouth, in cases of partial deafness of one or both ears, has written a pamphlet on the relation of carious, crowded and displaced teeth to defective hearing. He has found from a careful inspection of the mouths of partially deaf pupils in public schools, that in the majority of cases the trouble had its starting point in the mouth, not in the reaffection of the ear.

NICE bath rugs are made of crimson and white felt, painted in oils. Lustra painting is admirable for these squares. A large brush and plenty of color is required for painting these mats, which may be ornamented with flowers or monograms. A great convenience in the bath-room or above the wash-stand is a splasher, made of enamel cloth, with two or three pockets. Bind the edges with scarlet braid. The pockets are useful for holding brushes, a sponge and other such articles.

As the twig is bent the tree is inclined; as the switch is bent the youth will mind.

"How DO you like that new barber around the corner?" asked Emerson of Flattery.

"Not a bit. I don't want to patronize a man that gives his customers a double shave."

"A double shave? What's that?"

"Why, first he shaved my beard off my chin, and then he charged me twenty-five cents for it. If that isn't shaving a man twice, I'd like to know what you call it."

New Zealand Songstress.

Madame Marie Carandini, Musical Artist, Wellington, N. Z., writes to the Christchurch, New Zealand *Telegraph:* "I have used St. Jacob's Oil, and find much relief in case of rheumatism, and for all neuralgic pains."

The busybody labors without thanks talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

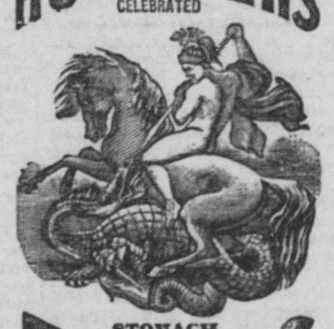
Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Society is a crucible in which all gold melts. Out of it is drawn only one or two prizes—vanity or disgust.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for you, it stimulates the ailing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It enables the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, arouses the liver when inactive, renews the jaded appetite, and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe, and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Cilbert Mf'g Co.'s

DRESS LININGS.
(THE NEW FABRIC)

MERCHANTS AND DRESSMAKERS LIKE A CLOTH where great strength is combined with a soft satin finish. They also, if they want their silks to give satisfaction, should recommend for linings the

Sovereign Twills,
Royal Twills
Improved Royal Twills,
Cable Twills
Satin Merveilleux Twills,
Gros Grain Twills.
Satin Classique Twills.

Many a silk has been condemned because the common SILESIA or a poor waist lining has been used. You should not for I've

BLACK PRINCE TWILLS.

A Cloth we guarantee to be fast colors, and that PERSPIRATION or ACIDS will not change, neither can it be made to CROCK in the SLIGHTEST DEGREE.

You will find our initials on each yard, representing ¼ and ⅜ yards, thus: G. —¼ - M.—¼ yd., and so on; all other Leaf goods are an imitation. Look for the letters G. & M. on selvage, none others are genuine.

G. & M. DORMAN, President.

216 New Scrap Pictures, 10c. Book Co., Nassau, N.Y.

WANTED.—Ladies and Gentlemen to take nice, light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection); work sent by mail. $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made; no canvassing. Please address Acme, Reliable Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Box 1293.

CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED for the most popular & easiest selling book ever published, "TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS" —1861-1881— by James G. Blaine. Hon. J. S. Wise, M. C., from Va., says: "Whoever takes it up no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole." Agents make from $200 to $1,000 per month. Over 6,000 agents already employed. Send for our very liberal terms. Address, THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER!

It will pay any intelligent man or woman seeking profitable employment to write for Illustrated Circular and terms of Agency for this Celebrated Washer, which by reason of its intrinsic merit is meeting with such wonderful success. J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

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$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.

Beam Box, Tare Beam, Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1 75
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U.S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted. Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 851 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people in New England who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Price $1.00, six for $5.00. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

"LOOK HERE!" called a man, pressing his face against the grates of the city prison and addressing a policeman who stood outside.

"Well?"

"Wha was I put in here for anyway?"

"You'll find out when the police court meets."

"Podner, I am a very sensitive man, and the thought that I have committed a crime haunts me. I just tell you what's a fact, I can't stand it. What did I do?"

"Well, if you must know, you got drunk and shot a man."

"Oh, is that all? I was afraid that I had insulted some one. Much obliged."

AT A railway station the other day two young swells were standing beside a newspaper seller, who was a little crazy and very witty. Thinking to take their fun off him they said: "Can you tell us how many it takes to make a hundred?" The seller replied: "Yes, I'm ane and you'er twa naethings."

LITTLE brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman.)—"Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?'

Mr. Smiler—"Yes, very well indeed."

Little brother—"Then you had better look out; Mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you."

A happy combination of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will reappear.

---

* * * * Bad treatment or stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, reference and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.

Higher Prices for Butter.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter several cents a pound. It is pure and harmless, convenient for instant use, has no taste or odor, and gives a clear, golden richness to the butter. It is the very best butter color obtainable, and is not expensive. In every state in the Union the demand for it is increasing.

It is the privilege of every man who is given strength of years to spread a power for good over his fellows.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

In the literary as well as military world, most powerful abilities will often be found concealed under a rustic garb.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind.

A Pertinent Enquiry.

An exchange says, "What is to be done when a man's hair begins to come out after he is married?" Having had the requisite amount of experience we suggest that he tie his wife's hands and send for a bottle of Carboline.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearby to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise his inferiors and trample on them makes him obsequious to superiors.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Sediment, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. $1. Druggists.

It is a wise government clerk that changes his politics with the Administration.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.—The old Christmas games are again in vogue, and a bowl of "snapdragon" or spiced toddy is served out in cups of crackled glass. At a dance on Christmas eve, soap-bubble blowing is a striking feature. A table is provided, and bears a great bowl of foaming soapsuds. Each person is given a decorated pipe, and the contest is opened by the judge appointed. The person blowing the biggest bubble carries off the prize—a pair of silken Christmas stockings, or something fit for the occasion. Soap-bubble blowing is also made a feature of the German, those whose pipes match being allotted to dance together, the pipes becoming the property of the dancers. To hang up the mistletoe bough is again the custom, but our modest dames of modern times exclaim so at the observance of its venerable rights that it is little more than a mere ornament. At children's parties we have now the French fashion of hanging up a bag of sweetmeats out of which the candy is beaten with a wand and scrambled for by the little ones.

THE CARE OF VELVET.—How to brush velvet is a thing, easy as it seems, not known to everybody. The whole secret lies in the manipulation of the brush. Take a hat-brush that is not too soft, but has the bristles elastic, and will return at once to their original state after being pressed aside. Hold this firmly under the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward; and pressing them, first, gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist around the arm, hand and brush, altogether, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The foreign matters will be drawn up and flirted out of the flock without injury to the substance of the velvet; and the brush must be lifted up and placed in a similar manner over every part required to be brushed. By this means velvet will be improved, instead of deteriorated, and will last for years.

DANISH PUDDING OR FRUIT TAPIOCA.—Three-quarters of a cup of pearl tapioca, a pint and a half of boiling water, one saltspoonful of salt, quarter of a cup of sugar and half a tumbler of currant jelly. Pick over and wash the tapioca. Put in the double boiler with the boiling water, and cook one hour, or till soft and transparent, stirring often. Add the salt, sugar and currant jelly. Stir till the jelly is all dissolved. Pour into a glass dish, and keep on ice. Serve very cold with sugar and cream. Half a cup of lemon juice, or any acid fruit syrup, or one cup of canded apricot, peach or quince, may be added instead of jelly. Or, in summer, use one pint of ripe berries or any small fruits, adding more sugar as required.

MAKE BREAKFAST TEMPTING.—Breakfast should be the most tempting of meals. In this climate, combined with American habits, a medium should be supplied between the rolls and coffee that constitutes the opening meal of the French and the solid food of the English. Physical labor creates appetite. Mental labor often occasions exhaustion of the system without a corresponding demand from it for restoration of its energies by food. Unless the viands of breakfast are of a tempting kind, the individual who has gone to sleep mentally wearied the night before, turns from them and contents himself with a cup of strong coffee or some other exhilarating beverage that serves to brace his nerves for the time, but not to repair the ravages of daily worry.

ICE ORNAMENTS.—Apropos of table decorations, there is nothing prettier or more easily obtained at this season than ice ornaments. Among our caterers there are some professional ice architects who construct miniature palaces and pagodas of frozen water colored the most beautiful tints and combined with the happiest effect. A superb palace of violet tinted ice illuminated with wax tapers was a feature of a recent banquet. Of course these things have to be contrived by a professional, but smaller ornaments, statuettes and decorative designs, can be frozen in simple molds by any amateur.

AVOID POISON PERFUMES.—Various cases of poisoning from the use of perfumes have been reported in recent English journals. In one instance a little girl had bought some heliotrope perfume at a bazaar, and had applied it on her face. This caused a vesicular eruption, swelling, itching, and, in fact, erysipelas, which lasted for some time. The scent was made with some of the products of coal tar, and not with the odoriferous principles of plants, thus acquiring its irritating properties.

TO CLEAN LAMP BURNERS.—Wash and boil them in ashes and water, then rub them in oxalic acid, then dry and polish in fine coal ashes, and they will be clean and bright. Wash the wicks and dry. Many times the burners are condemned when only the wicks are at fault.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

To quarrel with a superior is injurious, with an equal is doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

Physical pain reveals a lack of adjustment to external life. The sense of guilt reveals a lack of adjustment to moral and spiritual law.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A POULTICE of black walnut leaves, applied to the throat, and the use of a decoction of the leaves as a gargle, have been found by Dr. Curtis, of Illinois, of decided benefit to diptheria.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by four doctors in Detroit." W. W. Devereux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Kans.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Talmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. G. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Ethridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Ransereau, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

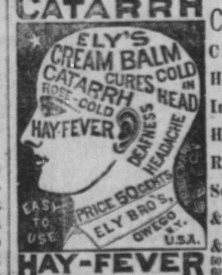
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. * It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. * Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. All letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & smell. A quick & positive Cure. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. Sample by mail 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor. Simple cases, $5 to $15. Severe cases, $10 to $25. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St. N.Y.

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In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. '83

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG

OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc. as "The Best and Most Thrilling Indian Book Ever Published." It tells the wildest, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 25,000 sold. Its Great Authority and 200 *Rare* make it the leading book for Agents. Send for Circulars, Extra Terms, Extra Time, etc. A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered!

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 11, 1885.

FIGHT ON A FREIGHT TRAIN.

Two Brakemen Engaged in a Deadly Conflict With Fist and Revolver.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—A Pullman car conductor gives an account of a fight between two brakemen named Tom Brady and Frank Morrison on board a Denver and Rio Grande freight train between Denver and Salt Lake while the train was running at full speed. The men had quarrelled over a girl, and Brady, unexpectedly finding Morrison in the caboose of the train, pulled a revolver and fired at him. The shot missed. Morrison grappled with his assailant, secured the revolver and fired at Brady, wounding him in the shoulder. Brady made his way through the scuttle at the top of the caboose and began to run over the tops of the cars, Morrison pursuing and firing at him until the shots had been expended. Brady stumbled and fell flat upon the roof of a car. Morrison reached him as he arose, but dropped his revolver and clutched his antagonist by the throat. A frightful struggle then took place on top of the rushing train.

From side to side the men swayed in their death struggle, fighting, cursing, biting and gouging each other, until Morrison, with a supreme effort, raised his foe and threw him with all his might, falling backward himself from his exertion. Brady caught the brake wheel and saved himself from falling between the cars. Regaining his feet he rushed towards the engine over the tops of the cars, jumped down on a flat car and clambered up on top of the next box car, still followed by Morrison. By this time the engineer and conductor noticed the men running towards the tender, and the former shut off some of the steam, thinking something might be wrong. Brady leaped upon the tender, dashed into the cab through the window and out upon the foot-board alongside the boiler. Morrison followed hurling a lump of coal as he sprang through the window. The men again grappled on the narrow foot-board and hammered one another, each one striving to hurl the other to the ground.

Thus they worked their way out upon the cow-catcher. The engineer reversed his lever and stopped the train, but not before the men had rolled off the cow-catcher into a ditch beside the track, where they both lay senseless. They were picked up and put to bed on board the caboose and their wounds attended to. The authorities were not informed of the fight, and as both will recover it is probable that neither will be arrested.

CAN BE HAD IF WANTED.

"Have you any malaria here?" asked a lady who was looking at a rural boarding place for her family. "Well," said the landlady, "we hain't got any just now; folks haven't asked for it; but we'll get it for your family if you want it." Most folks get malaria without wanting it. To get rid of its noxious effects, use Brown's Iron Bitters. Mrs. S. R. M'Donald, New Haven, Conn., says, "I suffered from malaria for nearly six years. Brown's Iron Bitters cured me completely."

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Samuel Kieffer Meets Death by Being Sawed in Two.

[Lewisburg Saturday News, Feb. 7.]

The most shocking accident ever recorded in Union county occurred on a saw mill in Kelley twp., on Wednesday last. As Mr. Samuel Kieffer was endeavoring to move a heavy stick of timber on the carriage, his foot slipped and he was thrown upon a fast revolving saw, mangling his legs, arm and body most horribly. His right leg was sawed off below the knee and the whirling steel crashed through his body as far as the breast bone. He was thrown about six feet against Mr. Horace Boetian. The dying man was wrapped in blankets and an effort made to take him to his home, but he expired before reaching there, just 30 minutes after the buzzing dumb dragon of death had cut the flow of life blood from his being. The news of the appalling accident spread over the county with wonderful rapidity, and knots of men could be seen standing about the country stores and elsewhere discussing the horrible occurrence, which had cast a shadow of darkness over the entire community. Before his spirit took its flight he requested his friends to say good bye to his mother, brother, and sister, and after giving those around him farewell, he was ushered into the dark shadows of the mysterious beyond.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says, "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for 25 years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to use Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle absolutely cured her. She has not had good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free. For sale at all drug stores. Large size $1.00.

ROSSA PASSED A COMFORTABLE NIGHT.

New York, Feb. 5.—It is said at St. Vincent hospital this morning, to which O'Donovan Rossa has been removed yesterday, that he passed a comfortable night and was greatly improved. The physicians think that it will not be many days before he is out and about. He receives the best of care and attention as a pay patient. Mrs. Rossa and Pat. Joyce called to see him this morning. Only relatives and intimate friends are permitted to see him.

The horrible nauseous worm-seed vermifuges and worm syrups have had their day. It's downright cruelty to compel a child to take them when McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders are so easy and pleasant to take that children take them and never know a medicine is being administered. Can be procured at any drug store for the small sum of 25 cents. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

Watsontown, Feb. 6.—Rev. S. G. Shannon, for the past ten years pastor of the Lutheran church, has received a call to the Lutheran church of Sunbury. It is believed that he will accept and assume charge thereof in the spring. A strong effort is being made by the congregation to retain him, as he is very popular.

IMBECILITY IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent to the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says: Any one who has been a constant reader of *Punch* has no need to travel up and down England with me to discover that the traditional, ingrained, agricultural laborer of the country is in very many cases so stupid, so ignorant, so devoid of all ambition to get out of the plough-ruts in which he and his progenitors have been travelling like cattle for many hundred years, as to rank in the mind of the careful observer only a shade above the domestic beasts among which his life has all been spent.

I walked and talked with these English hinds, and can testify that I never met in my own country, outside of imbecile asylums, so stupid, so stolid and stunted a class of human beings. They have a dialect of their own, which the stranger can hardly understand; a smock-frock fort of an attire which has been in fashion for a hundred years, and a way of life, as regards work and play and general home habits, that is the same as was their fathers' and grandfathers'.

There are, however, lower depths of human unintellectuality in England than this. Underneath this last named class is to be found a set of men and women that is the natural outgrowth (downward (of the stupid hind class. These are a sort of "innocents" who wander about the country roads in a state bordering upon complete imbecility, and are saved from starvation by the charity of those who have pity for these unfortunates.

Downright imbeciles are cared for in England, to a large extent, in her immense imbecile asylums; and these institutions have to be large and numerous to accommodate the stunted imbeciles abounding in crowded old England. I call to mind, in illustration of the character of these establishments, one of the largest of them, located in Watford, a town which I walked through on my pedestrian excursion from London to Oxford. It contains 2,000 chronic imbeciles who are under the charge of Dr. Case, an eminent medical man, and who are maintained at a net expense of 20 cents a day.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

There are a great number of anecdotes about General Skobeleff which have become legendary in the Russian army, and there a much greater number about the Russian Jews which circulate through all classes of Russian society. The following story, which is of interest both for the admirers of the "white general" and the haters of the Russian Jew, was revived when Prince Bismarck, as a sign of special distinction, received the cross Pour le Merite. Skobeleff, so goes the story, was working one evening in his tent near the Danube, or near a pond, when a Turkish bomb dropped at the threshold of the tent. The general had just time to see the sentinel outside stoop down and phlegmatically throw the shell into the water. Skobeleff approached the soldier and said: "Do you know you have saved my life?" "I have done my best, general." "Very well; which would you rather have the St. George's Cross, or 100 roubles?" The sentinel was a Jew, with a fine Semitic profile. He hesitated a moment, and then said: "What is the value of the St. George's Cross, my general?" "What do you mean? The cross itself is of no value; it may be worth five rubles, perhaps, but it is an honor to possess it." "Well, my general," calmly said the soldier, "if it is like that, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St. George!" Whether the prayer of that child of Israel was granted or not history does not say.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FARMS IN FRANCE.

There are millions of farms in France containing from a quarter of an acre to four acres, writes a correspondent from Dijon. I find that about an acre and a half is about all the most ambitious man wants. The rent for land is always one-half the crop. The land is worth about four hundred dollars an acre; if in grapevines, six hundred dollars. This is why France is like a garden. In England there are two hundred and twenty-seven thousand land owners; in France there are seven million land owners. The Frenchman on his two acres, with his barefooted wife cutting grain with a sickle by his side, is happy and contented, because he knows no better. Such a degraded life would drive an American farmer mad. The Frenchman thrives because he spends nothing. He has no wants beyond the coarsest food and the washings of the grape skins after the wine is made. Yes, he is thrifty. He saves money, too. The aggregated wealth of thirty million poor, degraded, barefooted peasants makes France rich. The ignorance of the French farmer is appalling. I never saw a newspaper in a French farm village. Their wants are no more than the wants of a horse. The Frenchman eats the coarsest food; about the same as he feeds his horse. He will eat coarse bread and wine for breakfast; soup, bread and wine for dinner; and, perhaps, bread and milk for supper. He does not know what coffee or tea is.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm epigram.

—Read Garman's new adv. at the head of local column.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark. On Every Bottle. PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

50 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it

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WORK DONE AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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All the achievements, discoveries, travels, and adventures of the great explorers, with descriptions of wonderful countries, customs and habits of strange and curious people, animals, birds and reptiles; the Wonders and great Natural Curiosities of the Tropical and Polar Worlds; a record of marvelous things on the earth, a full history of the World's greatest wonders and famous explorations, in one splendid, low priced, profusely illustrated volume. Embracing in the Tropics all the travels and discoveries of Speke and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker and wife, Livingstone, Stanley, Du Chaillu, Wallace, Long, Squier, and numerous others; in the Arctic regions, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Schwatka De Long, Greely and many others; forming a complete encyclopedia of exploration Discovery and Adventure in all parts of the World. With a history of savage races, strange beasts, birds and reptiles, and great Natural Wonders. A book of inestimable value and rapid selling qualities. Nearly 500 quarto pages, over 300 splendid illustrations, low price, outsells all other books. Agents wanted, on Salary or commission. Write for Pictorial circular and extra terms. Address,

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If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

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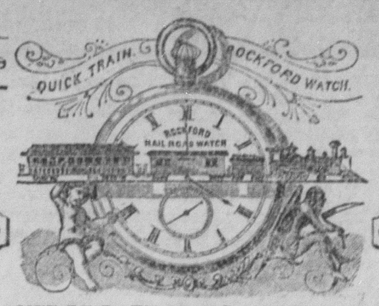

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All kinds of Rubber foot gear, a big stock. Rubber Boots worth $4 last year, now going for $2.75, and warranted at that.

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ALL NEW GOODS,

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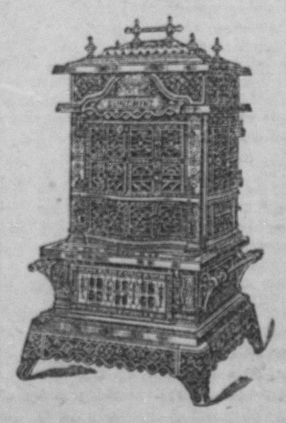

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IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

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This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of 20 of our *greatest living authors,* including *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Larcom,* and 11 other well known authors. These TWENTY *distinguished* writers here give for the first time, the complete history of the Lives and Deeds of 30 famous American women, most of whom are now living, whose lives have never before been written, and they tell how they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory. For Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. *The Christian Advocate* says: "*This splendid book contains* one *of the very best and choicest subscription-books we have ever seen.*" It is splendidly illustrated with full-page engravings besides many superb portraits *from special photographs.*

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All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books.

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Is beautifully situated at the head of GROSSE ILE in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 52 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

EIGHT FIRST PREMIUMS WITHIN A MONTH.

Baugh's Raw Bone Manures and High Grade Agricultural Chemicals and other products, on exhibition at the Pennsylvania State Fair, September 8th to 20th, 1884, were awarded five first premiums.

They were also awarded three first premiums as follows:

Lehigh County Fair at Allentown, Pa., September 30th to October 3rd; Berks County Fair at Kutztown, Pa., October 7th to 10th; Northampton County Fair at Nazareth, Pa., October 7th to 10th.

The above are the only exhibits made by Baugh & Sons during '84.

Baugh's Raw Bone Manures have secured a great many premiums including Centennial, Paris and other medals.

Farmers have discovered that Raw Animal Bone is a most valuable enricher of the soil and producer of crops. **Baugh's $25 Phosphate** contains the life and essence of Animal Bones. This article is manufactured only by Baugh & Sons, Office No. 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure*, that a *Positive, Sure*, and **NEVER-FAILING CURE** will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S **Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier** has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l P. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other*, for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and **Cure of Catarrh.** It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L P. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL

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SASH, DOORS, FLOORING OF ALL KINDS, SIDING, SHUTTERS, BLINDS, MOULDING OF ALL KINDS, STAIR-RAILING, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

HOW A CANNON BALL SENSATES.

M. Boutibouse, the French *savant*, served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them, for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead all night, not daring to move, when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and he was still mentally too numbed to be able to reason as to why he had not bled to death. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replyed M. Boutibouse; "a cannon ball has carried off my legs?" The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh: "Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!" M. Boutibouse sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had indeed been shot down by an immense cannon ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in dept, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.

CYPRIAN LEPERS.

The ancient disease of leprosy has long prevailed in the Island of Cyprus, but it affects as a rule only the Christian population, only one Mohamedan being known to suffer at present from the disease. It exists in three several forms, but several of the victims have all three varieties at once, and most of them have more than one. The unfortunates now infected with the malady do not seem to be regarded in these later days with as much fear and abhorrence as was inspired by them at an earlier epoch, when the western parts of Asia were so terrible afflicted by the scourge. There is a general desire to seclude them and avoid their society, but still some lepers are married to healthy persons, who do not trouble themselves to separate from them. Endeavors are made, whenever an undoubted case of leprosy is discovered, to induce the sufferer to become an inmate of an asylum, which is called in rather homely phrase the "Leper Farm." This place had been enlarged during the year preceding the last medical report from the Island, and it then contained 50 inmates, including several whose history is extremely curious, and two children not at present affected, but born of leper patients resident in the "farm." This disease is said to be more prevalent among males, but there are several female patients, and, until her death last year, at the age of 90, there was an old woman who might be regarded as the patriarch or rather matriarch of the establishment. She was the first patient admitted to it and had lived there over 50 years. She professed to have suffered from the disease for about 70 years, but without any great pain or appearance of weakness. The opinion of the medical officer, who has had good opportunities of studying the disease at the farm, is that there is still no certain knowledge whatever as to its origin. The old established idea that it is capable of hereditary transmission is, however, borne out by his experience; and one notable example is quoted to show that it can be contracted by contagion.

THE KARENS.

The Karens are one of the gentlest and most timid of all the Asiatic people. They are a jungle people, and even to this day when I go into their villages on the distant mountains, the people will rush away in direst fear. Whole villages may thus be depopulated at the approach of a single white man. The converted Karens are now sending missionaries out among their fellow-tribes on the mountains. They seem to bear some such relationship to the Burmese as the American Indians do to us at home. They are a subjugated aboriginal race, no doubt. When the missionaries found them they had no written language and no relegion, although they cherished a good many religious traditions that were extraordinarily akin to the Scriptural history of Christianity. Hence they have taken to Christianity with phenomenal readiness. Although this mission is some ten years younger than that among the Burmese, they have twenty-four thousand communicants against two thousand Burmese. This, too, in spite of the fact that there are millions of Burmese and only from three to four hundred thousand Karens. The difference lies altogether in the recipiency of the people. When Buddhism once gains a foothold among a people, it is very hard to unseat it.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Scientific

Prof. A. H. Sayce has deciphered an Assyrian record of a transit of Venus in the sixteenth century before the Christian era.

Puscher, the Nuremberg chemist, says a paste composed of starch, glycerine and gypsum will maintain its plasticity longer than any other cement.

The tensile strength of glass has been shown to be between 2,000 pounds and 9,000 pounds per square inch, and the crushing strength between 6,000 pounds and 10,000 pounds per square inch.

Layers of paper pulp, formed into a corrugated sheet, with a lining of asbestos to bear on the hot surface, is a new form of boiler lagging and is well spoken of. The intention is to make air spaces between the boiler and the lagging, and yet have a strong covering which will prevent the radiation of heat.

A German chemist named Puscher, a native of Nuremberg, reports that he has met with great success in using glycerine together with glue. While generally, after the drying of the glue, the thing to which it is applied is liable to break off, if a quantity of glycerine equal to a quarter of the glue be mixed together, that defect will entirely disappear.

Statements have lately been made to the effect that the price in the Clyde of first-class steel screw steamers is about £28 5s per ton; that of first-class iron screw steamers £27 10s per ton; of second-class iron screw steamers £22 17s 6d per ton; of cargo-carrying iron screw steamers £20 10s per ton; of first-class iron sailing vessels £14 per ton; of second-class iron sailing vessels £11 18s 6d per ton, and of third-class sailing vessels £10 15s per ton.

Some remarkable photographs of a pistol bullet in its flight, under the illumination of an electric spark, have been secured by Prof. E. Mach of Prague. He has also photographed the air streams which one may see over a Bunsen burner placed in sunshine, and has even obtained pictures of waves of sound, these last being made visible by a method in which advantage is taken of the irregular refraction of light by the air set in vibration by sound.

The latest telephone dispenses with electricity altogether. Its diaphragm is split willow or other wood, closely woven, dried and varnished. The drying contracts the fibres and produces a very high tension. In the centre of the diaphragm is a strong copper plate to which the wire is attached. For distances less than two miles the new telephone conveys sound better and more distinctly than the bell. The difficulty in "switching" the wires, however, limits its use.

A rather soft brick will crush under a weight of about thirty or forty tons per square foot, while a first-rate machine-pressed brick will require from 300 to 400 tons per square foot; this last is about the crushing limit of the best sandstone, or two-thirds as much as the best granites or roofling slates. But masses brick-work will crush under much smaller loads than single bricks. Thus small cubical masses only nine inches each side, laid in cement, crushed under twenty-seven to forty tons per square foot; others, with piers nine inches square and two feet four inches high, in cement, only two days after being built required forty-four to sixty-two tons per square foot to crush them. Cracking and splitting usually commence under about one-half the crushing loads.

It is found that an effectual cement for uniting portions of leather subjected to a moderate strain may be obtained by simply soaking equal parts of glue and of isinglass for ten hours with enough water to cover them, then adding about one-fourth part of tannin, and boiling until the mixture becomes sticky. The surfaces of the leather to be thus treated are first roughened with some coarse tool, then rubbed thoroughly with the mixture while warm, and firmly pressed together, a few hours sufficing to perfect the union. Or eight parts of the glue may be soaked with water until soft, the excess poured off, and the vessel placed on a water bath until the glue melts; one part of the glacial acetic acid is then added, and the mixture, which unites leather pieces very firmly, is transferred to small vials.

The durability of copper roofing is shown by the fact that no signs of deterioration are yet visible in those instances in Boston in which, forty years ago, this material was thus employed. The metal is said to be still much used in that city for cornices, gutters and rain-water pipes, as well as for covering bay windows, and in various other ways, in place of galvanized iron, the latter being inferior in beauty and durability, and not very much cheaper. The copper has also the additional advantage of needing no paint, so that the delicate lines of artistic work are in no danger of being filled up, and the metal increases rather than diminishes in beauty by the slow formation of a bluish green patina over it. For flashings, as well as other portions of roof work, copper is regarded as much superior to zinc or tin.

—Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Corrected.

Miss Anna Johnson, of 24 Front street, Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered from an aggravated form of constipation and indigestion for several months. My family physician tried all kinds of medicines and pills, but to no effect. I began to think my case was a hopeless one. A friend of mine (Mrs. Elvira Redmond, of East Long street, this city), called, and seeing the condition I was in, recommended me to try your MANALIN. I must say I had but little faith in the medicine, but after I had taken a few doses I was convinced that MANALIN was the medicine for me. After I had taken one bottle I was entirely well of my complaint. I consider it one of the best remedies for constipation I have ever used. I have several friends who are using it. They think it an excellent remedy. I recommend it to all who are afflicted with constipation or indigestion. Any one doubting this statement is invited to call on me at 24 Front street."

Mr. Milton Knotts, Urbana, O., writes: "Last November one year ago I was taken sick, and called in our family physician. He examined me and said I had symptoms of typhoid fever. He gave me medicine for two weeks or more without any relief. I began to think that my days on earth were fast closing in. I saw at once that his medicine would not reach my disease. Just as I was about to conclude that I would have to die, my daughter brought me one of your pamphlets. I noticed a case whose symptoms were like mine, and PERUNA and MANALIN had cured him. I concluded at once to try it. I procured one bottle of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and took them as directed, and before I had used the two bottles I began to receive strength and gain in flesh. I finished the rest of the two bottles and continued its use until the third bottle was used. When they were used I could eat anything I wanted to and go about my work. I consider that if it hadn't been for your PERUNA I would have been in my grave. Parties wishing information can write me at the above place. I recommend your medicine wherever I go."

Mr. John R. Davis, Moundsville, W. Va., writes: "I have been handling your PERUNA ever since its introduction. All who have used it speak highly of its curative properties. I consider it a reliable remedy."

Mr. George Fisher, Portsmouth, O., writes: "I am handling your PERUNA, and having a good trade on it. It gives splendid satisfaction."

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful Electric Corsets. Sample free to those becoming agents. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N.Y.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.50	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1.03.00	
Milmont	8.27			3.28	
Laurelton	8.34			3.40	
Coburn	9.45			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.10			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.30				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.05
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.18
Vicksburg		8.15		12.25	4.29
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 45 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 35 a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 45 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Montandon	6 30 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
" arr at	Renovo (Sunday Train.	9 15 p m
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
" arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Montandon	6 35 p m
" "	Harrisburg	7 49 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY, FORT ORANGE, EASTLAKE AND WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

A Strictly Cash Store where goods are bought and sold for Cash.

We do not think it necessary to recall to the minds of the people the instances under our own observation in which business men have been ruined by the credit system, but ask you frankly whether it is not the cause of embarrassing so many business men of to-day. Believing you admit it we desire to impress you with the fact that on and after

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system will be even more advantgeous to the public than to ourselves, as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one-third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent. more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' coffee at 16c, best home-made flour $1.10 per sack, White Deer roller flour $1.25, A syrup 38c per gallon, Appleton A muslin 7c per yard, dress goods 5c, best prints 6c, cheap prints 3, &c., &c.

Produce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co.,

dec24 COBURN, PENN'A.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Courts of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. A. Smith and the Hon. Chester Mansen Allen, Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 8th day of Dec. 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Jan. next, being the 26th day of Jan 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 2th day of Dec. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventy year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff

D. Z. EVANS, Jr.

EVANS BROTHERS,

PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free.

We refer to the editor of this paper. 4cow

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A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

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An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

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Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

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1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts combining shop-work with study.
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9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

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Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the *Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and* perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

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NOTRE DAME DE LA HAINE.

We sing not of geds and their mercies,
Of givers of good and of gain,
But to thee, O our Lady of Curses!
Notre Dame de la Haine!

Of chapels and fanes there are many
Shine fair both on mountain and plain,
But thy shine is the darkest of any;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

The lights of thy window stream ruddy
Through each blazoned and glorious pane,
But the spots on thy raiment are bloody;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

In the twilight they gather like shadows—
Thy servants who seek to thy fame,
From the low river sides and the meadows;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

From the far upland height of the chalets
They come, and from gold fields of grain,
From pink orchards that bloom in the valleys,
Notre Dame de la Haine!

They seek thee in deepest devotion
The lord of whose bosom is pain,
To beseech thee for poison and potion;
Notre Dame de la Haine!

MERCY GRAY.

It was many years ago when the old wind-mill of Joaquin Gray stood on the rocky hill just on the outside of the village. It was a rare sight, on a week day at that time, to see the wind-wheels hanging motionless, for Miller Gray was an incessant worker and a successful money maker. But now, although the rocky hill yet stands opposite the little village, and the breezes still blow over it, the old windmill has crumbled away into nothing, and Joaquin Gray, the miller, has long since been dead and gone.

Joaquin Gray was a miserly old fellow. All his money, it was rumored, was hidden down in a deep vault under the old mill; at least, such was the supposition that people made from the fact that on Sundays, and sometimes late at night, he would leave his cottage and lock himself up alone in the mill for hours together. His wife was dead, but his daughter Mercy kept house for him. Although the girl never dressed any better than the poorest lass in the village, still she was so beautiful in face and in form that her plain gown so contrasted with her natural loveliness as really to set her off to advantage. There was not a sweeter girl that knelt in Briertown Church on a Sunday morning than Mercy Gray.

I know more about the girl than any one else in the village. I was a mother to her, and I grew to be proud of her as if she were my own child. You see, her own mother died when the child was about two years old, and old Miller Gray looked out for the person who would bring her up at the cheapest rates—and that turned out to be me. We were very poor then, and I was very glad to get the little he gave for bringing up Mercy with my own children; but, oh, sometimes as I look back and think of her, I almost wish that I had never known her, or that she had never lived, but had gone to Paradise when her mother went. She had a hard life of it, poor child, and her story is full of sorrow and bitterness. I had a little stone cross placed over her grave sometime after her death, and at the foot of it, if you brush away the grass that grows there you may see her name carved out—"Mercy Gray"—and the words, "At Rest."

The girl was only twelve years old when she was obliged to leave me and commence to keep house for her father. We had grown much better off since the time when she first came to live with us, so it was a hard thing for her now to live with her old miser of a father. He pinched and ground her down into poverty as much as the old mill ground down the grain and corn. But still she grew up as beautiful and sweet-tempered a girl as if she had lived in a palace. Every one who knew her could scarcely help loving Mercy Gray.

It was when she was about seventeen years old that I am going to commence with her sad story. At the time things were beginning to look a little brighter for her, for she had begun to experience the sweet pleasure of loving and being loved. She knew it would have to be a long time before she could become a wife, for her father held on to her as though he was clutching a bag of gold in his musty old vault. But still, I dare say, she and young Arthur Olden were quite happy in the anticipation of future days, and never knew of the darkness that was going to fall around them in so short a time. Nor how should I have known it, either, when I watched the two walking down the village lane side by side? But the cloud came—and it was in the pleasant June time, when all the earth was heedless of it and was very bright and gay.

It seems that old Gray had gone, as was his custom, to the mill quite late one night. He went after Mercy had gone to bed, and she knew nothing of it; but when she arose early in the morning to get a scanty breakfast ready she found that her father was not in the house. But this did not much alarm her, for it had often happened before. Miller Gray and his gold were such good friends that they often stayed close together all through the night. So, when Mercy had eaten her own breakfast, she put her father's meal in a small basket and went over to the mill to give it to him as she had often done before. She did not lock the house door when she left it, for the mill was only over the way and she expected to stay only a few minutes.

As she came up to the mill Mercy saw that something must be amiss. The windwheels were motionless, and her father's three employes were standing idly at the door. It was still the early morning, but old Gray had always made his employes go to work an hour before any other men in the village. He had always kept the key himself, and was generally there before they were in the morning and unlocked the door for them. But on that morning, they told Mercy, they had knocked and pounded and kicked on the door of the mill in vain. So, supposing that he was still in the house, they had waited until he should appear.

Such an occurence had never been before. Nature had, I dare say, wound up Miller Gray when he was born just the same as my husband—he was the sexton—wound up the old clock in the church tower, and his life had gone on with the same regularity as that clock did. He had everything all laid out, and did it with the same precision that he was more like a dry old monk in a monastery than any one of whom I knew. So when poor Mercy heard that the mill was not yet opened, and that her father had not been seen, she was just as frightened and dismayed as she could be.

"He must certainly be inside," she said, after a minute's thought. "It never happened before, but it might possibly be that he is a sleep, or perhaps"—and she spoke in an uncertain way—"perhaps he is in the vault, if there is such a place, and something has happened to him there."

"Are you pretty sure, Miss Mercy, that he is not in the house? Did you look carefully around before you left?" asked one of the workmen.

"I am certain he was not there," she said, decisively. "He must be here, for he has often, as you know, come here in the night time before. I think you had better knock once more; and then, if there be no answer, I am sure it would be right to break in the door."

And so, when they had knocked again in vain, they threw their three burly forms against the door, and kicked at it with their heavy boots, until it fell inwards with a crack and a crash. Instantly there seemed a rush of foul air to go past them, as if it was eager to leave the place where it had been lodged, and it carried an odor with it that made Mercy turn pale, feel faint and tremble. It was the smell of blood.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what has happened? Why do I feel so terrified! My father—is he——"

She stopped short at the awful thought and approached the doorway. But one of the men took her hand and led her a little distance away, and told her to sit down and recover herself, while they went in to see what might be the matter. And so Mercy sat there all in a tremble and ashy pale, expecting nothing but the worst.

She could hear stifled exclamations from within, and then whispers between them, as if they were advising one another not to call her in. If I had been that poor girl sitting there I would have jumped up and shrieked and run for my life. But Mercy Gray was not of my kind.

"I felt," she told me afterwards, "as if something were calling me over to that door. It seemed as if my bodily strength had left me, and as if all that thing which was calling me had given me a supernuman strength to obey it. I rose up almost without knowing it, and glided towards the door with a feeling that I was being carried there. At the door I stopped, and I think that there one of the men came out to lead me away. But I did not see him; there was only one thing in the room that I could discern. That was my poor father. He was leaning back in his chair, and all over his white jacket there seemed to be the stain of something red. That something red had dripped down to the floor and formed a little pool there. And then it seemed that the power that had brought me there forsook me, and I knew no more."

I thought, when I heard all about the awful affair that day, that it was a terrible time for poor Mercy Gray. But it was not long before I found there was something much worse in store for her than that. Her father, sitting in his mill, with several heaps of coin beside him, had been foully murdered. From the appearance of the money it had not been disturbed, and the murderer must have escaped from the door, which he had locked behind him. And the people of Briertown, finding not the least clew to the murderer, actually began to suspect Mercy Gray. An angel from heaven would have done such a deed if she did it, but I don't believe an angel could have viewed with the calmness that she did two things they had found in her bedroom, and which they showed to her. One was a blood-stained knife, which had been flung under her bed, and the other the key of the old mill, which they found secreted in her little bureau. But as all reasonable people could see that the murderer might have thrown them there in order to attach the blame to Mercy they would never have been enough to convict her. It was the testimony of my own daughter, Mary, and another woman, that brought along with the other the terrible verdict of "Guilty."

"Oh, how shall I forget the moment when that awful verdict was rendered! The trial had been held in a larger and neighboring town, and the court was crowded with sympathetic people. I was in tears all through it, and could see nobody in the room but that sweet and heavenly face in the prisoner's box, until my daughter was brought upon the witness stand. Now, Mary was married and lived away from me, and it happened that I had not heard that she had any testimony to give. But when I saw her there I was almost sure that she was about to give some evidence in the prisoner's favor. She and Mercy had always been great friends together. So I dried my tears and listened to her; but fate, it seemed was swinging the evidence the other way.

"I gave my testimony," said my daughter, "against my dear friend, Mercy Gray, with the fervent hope that I may have been dreaming or out of my mind when I saw what I did; but although this is so, I feel as if, were I not to tell about it, the ghost of that old man would haunt me, and I should ever feel guilty and miserable. This is my testimony: On the night of the murder, or rather in the early morning, I awoke and found the bright moonbeams shining on my bed. I thought I would get up and draw the window curtains and I stood for a moment looking out upon the scene. Mr. Gray's cottage is nearly opposite to my husband's, and as I stood there I saw—may Heaven forgive me for seeing it!—I saw the rear door open slowly, and a figure all in white come out. I could not discern the features while it moved slowly in the shadow of the house, but when it reached the clear moonlight, I at once recognized the face and form of Mercy Gray. She walked slowly over to the old mill and disappeared within its shadow. With much wonder about it, I drew the curtains and crept back into bed; and when in the morning I heard of the murder, and thought over the occurrence, I was filled with fear and horror."

After this startling testimony my daughter was cross-questioned in every way, but had only the same story to tell. Then that other woman of whom I spoke went through the same thing. She had been sitting up with her sick child and saw the girl go over to the mill at exactly as my Mary had said. And then Mercy rose up from her seat, and with a voice and manner almost supernatural, denied it all. She said that she had never been out at all that night, but had slept soundly and peacefully in her room. And as I looked at her and listened, I fully believed her; and when I had heard the others I had believed them too. And so with that strange way of believing that some have, I believed that she had been there and that she had not.

Anyhow, Mercy was convicted. Ever so much more testimony on little matters was brought to prove her guilt, her object being primarily, it was alleged, to escape the hard life she was living with her father. She was to be shut up in the old mill for a fortnight, and then to be imprisoned for life. She was never put into prison, however, for she escaped from the mill, as you will soon see. A few years afterwards, when the wretch that committed the murder, crazy with remorse, confessed it all and was hung, the people of Briertown were filled with the greatest regret and sorrow. They then fenced in her grave and often came to plant sweet flowers over it.

But all that never did a bit of good to poor Mercy Gray.

Young Arthur Olden, as might be supposed, was plunged into the deepest despair. He had grown so thin and forlorn-looking in the short time after the murder that I would shed tears when I saw him. When my poor bird had been caged up in that horrible old mill, the awful scene of the murder, for about three days, Arthur, with another daring young man, determined to enter the mill and effect her release. Only a crazy man would have thought of such a thing, and he was crazy with despair. So one cloudy night he placed a ladder against the mill, and climbed up to the little balcony that ran around the top of it. In one place the fence was broken down, and a heedless person could easily have fallen off.

"We must break the door in," said Arthur, as they crept around to the little, low entrance to the balcony. "It is frail-looking and we need not make a noise."

And so they went at it with their knives, and with success, too, for the wood around the lock was damp and rotten with age and the rain that had beat against it. It soon yielded, and they were about to go softly below.

"Hark!" whispered the other, "I hear a creaking sound as though some one were coming up the stairs. Let us creep back outside the door and see what it is."

Trembling with excitement and a ghostly dread, they peered through the doorway and watched the room within. On the winding staircase there came a figure, clad in white, slowly, slowly up—Mercy Gray, with her long, black hair falling down and about her spectral form! Her dark brown eyes were wide, wide open; but oh, like *Lady Macbeth*, their sense was shut. She was walking in her sleep! At the doorway she stood a moment, and felt with her hands. She shuddered, and then she spoke:

"I deny it all. I never was out that night. I slept soundly and peacefully in my bed until the morning."

She paused a moment, and then passed out the doorway. The two terrified spectators were as immovable as the rocks below and about the mill. They were, as you have often been, in a nightmare, and could not move a hand towards her. She gave a sigh like the sigh of death, and passed slowly before their eyes on to the broken place in the fence. And there, oh, Heaven above! they saw her glide onwards and fall off, and flutter down the sharp, cruel rocks below!

Poor Arthur Olden entirely lost his senses before her funeral was over, and had to be put into an asylum where, shortly afterwards, he died. And now, although my poor girl has been gone these many years, she is still alive in the memory of all who knew her; and yet, very rarely will you hear any one speak about, or tell the sad, sad story of Mercy Gray.

"A Senator Within the Senate house."

In a dramatic age which is rapidly becoming forgotten the late Mr. Edwin Forrest used to make a strong impression by the delivery of the words. "I stand a Senator within the Senate house." The effect no doubt was due quite as much to the popular ideal of the subject as to the dignity and force of the actor's utterance. To the general eye there were few higher stations in the Republic than that of the Senator. It suggested the commanding ability and stern integrity of the classic type and besides appealed to the more immediate and sympathetic impulses of national pride and patriotic enthusiasm. The notion that a State should be represented in the Senate by any but her foremost man, or that they should be chosen for any reason but their character and capacity, was not for a moment tolerated. This exalted popular view was shared by those who sought the office. A man of moderate intellectual strength, or of other than the brightest reputation, would not venture to turn his eye toward the Senate Chamber; nor would he hope that any agency of preferment would be effectual but the clean public recognition of rare natural gifts, extraordinary attainments and absolute fidelity. It followed that the most eminent citizens regarded a seat in the Senate as a crowning reward of worthy ambition scarcely lower than the Presidency itself.

It is idle to deny that the Senate has found a lower level. Men inferior, not only to the giants of our earlier history, but to the life-size leaders of our own time, have made their way into the Upper House of Congress, not through accident or as an occasional exception, but rather as a rule. The chamber, instead of an arena of statesmen, has become the maneuvering ground of politicians; and, what is even worse, an exhibition gallery for the vain and ostentatious newly-rich, who have by means of their money obtained a conspicuousness which they never could have gained through even moderate abilities needful for success in politics of the baser sort. It is not surprising that Senators, whose rightful business is the debate of great questions of state, have often become mere brokers of patronage, or have even made their offices a source of personal profit. The decadence of the Senate does not find all of its illustrations on one political side. As the evil is not a party question neither should its cure be regarded from the point of view of party.

The Future of Turkey.

The Turkish empire is ignored in the pending negotiations regarding Egypt, although Egypt is still a nominal dependency of the Sultan. It is difficult to appreciate, without scrutiny of the situation, the extent of the diminution of Ottoman power within the past ten years. The Sultan's real authority is practically confined to the region in the vicinity of Constantinople, to Asia Minor and Syria. The shadow of suzerainty over the Barbary States vanished with the establishment of a French protectorate over Tunis. Egypt and the vast country to the south, which has been more or less subject to Egyptian occupation, is, to all intents and purposes, a dependency of England. Cyprus belongs to England. Central Arabia is independent, the Wahabee Empire having revived from the terrible chastisement received at the hands of Ibrahim Pasha, about sixty-seven years ago, and being now probably capable of putting an army into the field that it would tax Ottoman resources to vanish. Asia Minor is faithful, and the authority of the Sultan is recognized in the holy cities. But the Ottoman empire is gradually becoming what the Byzantine empire was in its latter days, and perhaps the fierce Arab reformers who were cowed into quiescence by the terrible overthrow spoken of above, may yet gather courage to issue from the fastnesses of Nedjed, and carry the sword to the gates of Constantinople. It is more probable that the final destruction of Ottoman power will come from within than from without its ancient boundaries. Turkey is but a name, and the Sultan the effete representative of an utterly effete and decayed monarchy, but the forces which launched Islamism against the successors and the city of Constantine are virile and aggressive to-day.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Captain James Dewya is reported to have disappeared from Waldoborough, Maine, with $20,000 belonging to other people. He is supposed to be in Canada.

—Four unknown robbers broke into the Post-office at Huntington, Indiana, on the 27th, and were confronted by Max Baumgartner, a night watchman, who shot one of them dead. One of the burglars shot Baumgartner inflicting a dangerous wound. Leaving their dead comrade, the ruffians then took possession of a sleigh and escaped.

—The election of Leland Stanford as U. S. Senator from California was confirmed on the 28th by the Legislature of that State in joint session. Mr. Stanford received 78 of the 118 votes cast. The Democratic caucus of the Illinois Legislature, called for the 29th to make a nomination for United States Senator has been "declared off," and another caucus has been called for on the 4th of February. It is said there is a possibility that neither party will hold a caucus.

—The sixteenth annual session of the National Board of Trade was begun in Washington on the 28th. About 40 delegates were present, representing 13 cities. Frederick Fraley, of Philadelphia, presided, and Hamilton D. Hill, of Boston, was secretary.

—The State Board of Agriculture held its annual meeting in Harrisburg on the 28th. The following were elected: President, Governor Robert E. Pattison (ex officio); Vice Presidents, C. C. Musselman, of Lycoming, and J. P. Barnes, of Lehigh. Executive Committee—Messrs. Beebe, of Venango; Wilson, of Juniata; Reeder, of Bucks; Herr, of Clinton; Underwood, of Wayne; Heister, of Dauphin, and Dr. J. P. Edge, of Chester. Thomas J. Edge was re-elected Secretary for the ninth time.

—Stillman S. Conant, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has been missing since the 16th inst., and his friends are anxious for his safety. Mr. Conant is about 55 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, fair complexioned, with a brown moustache, and gray eyes, and weighs about 180 pounds.

—John Francis Quarles, a well-known colored lawyer, died on the 28th at Flushing, Long Island, aged 38 years.

—The formal transfer of the Liberty Bell to the Exposition Managers at New Orleans took place on the 28th. About 20 000 persons were present. After the formal presentation of the bell by the Committee to Mayor Guillotte, J. R. P. Persons responded on behalf of the Mayor. Addresses were also made by General J. T. Owen, of Philadelphia, and Director General Burke.

—Suit was begun on the 28th in Cleveland, Ohio, against Mrs. James A. Garfield, by a woman named Thankful Tanner, for $25,000. Thankful was run over by Mrs. Garfield's carriage on December 22d, while in the public square, and she now alleges that she was seriously injured.

—On the 28th four men were found in a sleigh in Cincinnati, but one of whom was able to speak. One was dead and the other two so drunk and nearly frozen as to be unconcious. The dead man was Peter Gerber. The party had been on a spree.

—The thermometer in Chicago on the 28th registered 15 degrees below zero. At Burlington, Iowa, the mercury stood 26 degrees below; at Dubuque, 22 degrees below; at Winnipeg, 28 degrees below, and at St. Paul 29 degrees below. The trains from all directions were delayed. The signal service thermometer at Muscatine, Iowa, marked 34½ degrees below zero, the lowest point reached in 23 years.

—Ex-Speaker Randall visited President elect Cleveland in Albany, in response to an invitation, on the 28th. They had a conference lasting several hours, which was resumed on the 29th, at the conclusion of which Mr. Randall took the train for New York. Speaker Carlisle has also been invited to a conference with the President-elect.

—The dead-lock in the Illinois Assembly was broken on the 29th by the election of Elijah M. Haines, Independent Democrat, for permanent Speaker.

—The U. S. Senate on the 29th confirmed Lucius H. Foote, of California, to be Minister to Corea; Commodore Samuel R. Franklin to be Rear Admiral, and William S. Steel to be Coiner of the Philadelphia Mint.

—It is said that at a meeting of Irish-Americans in Chicago on the 28th, "the resolution introduced in the U. S. Senate by Senator Bayard was denounced, and that the Irish supporters of Congressman Cobb, of Indiana, were requested to show, upon his return home, their appreciation of his conduct." It is also reported that "seven thousand dollars were subscribed on the 29th to be employed as a skirmishing fund against England."

—*La Republica* newspaper, of the City of Mexico, estimates that the economical measures introduced by the present Mexican administration will effect a saving of $1 600,000 per year.

—Professor John F. Petree, Principal of the High School at Womelsdorf, Berks County, Penna., and his wife were on the 29th found in their bedroom overcome with gas which escaped from the stove. Both were insensible, and were resuscitated only with the greatest difficulty.

—The stores of Jacob Stuber and Swenk & Co., in Lock Haven, Penna., were entered by burglars on the 28th. Stuber lost $300 in money besides some checks and notes, and Swenk & Co. lost nearly $500 worth of goods.

—The mine at Plummer Hill, in the Hocking Valley, is reported to have been fired on the 29th. There is little hope of saving the mine, which is valued at $200,000.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 28th, the Committee on Judiciary General reported favorably the following bills: To create a Circuit Court of Appeals. Relating to tenants in common, etc., becoming purchasers at Orphans' Courts or Sheriff sales in partition. Fixing the salaries of officers in counties containing over 40,000 and less than 80,000 inhabitants, and requiring the payment of the fees of such offices into the respective county treasuries. Mr. Sutton, of Montgomery, upon a motion to reconsider the adverse vote on the nomination of L. P. Ashmead as a Trustee of the Norristown Hospital, after stating that his late arrival on the previous day was due to his missing a train, urged the confirmation of the nomination. The motion to reconsider was defeated, nine Democratic Senators, with Mr. Hughes voting yea, and 31 Republican Senators in the negitive. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 29th, the anti-discrimination bills and the measures relating to a new Circuit Court and a State Board of Health were reported. In order to have them printed, and extra copies were ordered, as also of article xvii of the constitution relating to railroads. Mr. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, offered a joint resolution, commending Lieutenant Greely, the Arctic explorer, for appointment by the National Government as Assistant Chief of the United States Army Signal Service. Referred to the Federal Relations Committee. Mr. Adams' bill for infliction of corporal punishment upon wife beaters was reported from the Judiciary General negatively, there having been a majority of one against it. Mr. Adams moved to place the bill on the calendar. The Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 29th, among the bills reported, were the following: Mr. Hulings' Anti-Discrimination bill. Appropriating $25 000 to the Norristown Lunatic Hospital, to improve its drainage system. Authorizing the purchase of school books out of the district school fund. To punish defaulting tax collectors. Authorizing chattel mortgages on lumber, iron, oil, etc. To punish a member of a partnership company for keeping fraudulent accounts or mulilating the books of the concern. For the payment of miners and employes of iron or steel mills in cash and at proper intervals. Making eight hours a day's labor. To prohibit public sparring and boxing exhibitions.

The House Apportionment Committee agreed to recommend the passage of the Macfarlane Legislative Apportionment bill of last session, which gives 119 Republican and 85 Democratic Districts. An agreement was also reached in favor of the Longnecker Senatorial bill, which allows the Democrats 18 out of the 60 districts. The Democratic Apportionment bills were all negatived. The McCracken Congressional Apportionment bill, giving the Republicans 18 districts out of the 28, was also agreed upon. The House Appropriations Committee voted to recommend $175,000 for the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia, and $700,000 for the maintenance of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools. Adjourned.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS—

SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 28th several messages were received from the President transmitting information on various subjects heretofore requested by the Senate. A motion to go into executive session was agreed to. When the doors were reopened Mr. Hear, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a substitute for the House bill relating to the indebtedness of the Pacific Railroads. On motion of Mr. Frye the Senate ordered the printing, in pamphlet form, of 1000 copies of the House bill and the Senate Committee's substitute accompanying report. The consideration of executive business was then resumed. When the doors were reopened, at 7.30 P. M. the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 29th, Mr. Miller from the Committee on Commerce, reported favorably a bill for the protection and improvement of New York harbor. A resolution was agreed to adopting the order of exercises prepared by the Washington Monument Commission for the dedication of the Monument, and charging the officers of the Senate with the duty of carrying out the programme. The Senate went into executive session, and nearly six hours afterwards, when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 28th the President transmitted to the House a copy of the recent appeal of Fitz John Porter, together with accompanying papers. Mr. Steele, of Indiana, moved to lay the resolution on the table. Lost—yeas, 59; nays, 116. The resolution was then passed—yeas, 179; nays, 77. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, presented the conference report on the Six Months' Naval Appropriation bill, and it was agreed to. J. W. Reed, elected Representative from the Fifth District of North Carolina to succeed A. M. Scales, was sworn in. Mr. Hewitt, of New York, moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole for the purpose of considering the bill to carry into effect the Mexican treaty. Lost—yeas, 81; nays, 157. The House decided—139 to 105—to consider land grant forfeiture bills on the calendar, but did not succeed, owing to parliamentary tactics, in considering any of them. The River and Harbor bill was reported and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 29th, Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a resolution instructing the Committee on Appropriations to include in Sundry Civil bill items appropriating $20,000 to pay Hallett Kilbourne an account of a judgment received against J. G. Thompson, paying Thompson $2650, and paying Shellabarger and Wilson $2000 for professional services. Ordered to be printed and recommitted. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and Mr. Hewitt tried to secure action on the bill to carry into effect the treaty with Mexico. The House, by a vote of 194 year to 147 nays, refused to consider this bill. The River and Harbor bill was then taken up in committee. Pending its consideration the House adjourned.

FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Joy for the youthful
Fills high to the brim—
Ere it be blasted
Pale death enters in.
Bright flowers unfold
At the dawning of light;
Where are those flowers
At the coming of night?

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Beauty, like sunlight,
Gleams out for a breath,
Glittering with gems
For the bridal of death;
The warrior in mail
To the battle speeds;
Death is the victor!
The battle is won.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Fame, sound thy trumpet,
And fill the broad skies;
Famed 'tis a meteor,
The echo replies.
Grave it in marble,
The deeds of the past;
'Tis written in dust,
Swept away by the blast.
Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.

WESLEY ORNING'S PERIL.

On the night of September 18th, 1879, the patrolman whose beat included part of the Strand, in the city of London, was aroused from a partial somnolescence he had indulged in, by hearing a pistol-shot not half a block away. He rushed in the direction whence the report came and found the body of a man lying prostrate on the sidewalk near the curb. The patrolman opened the slide of his dark-lantern and cast the bull's eye on the man's face. It was a young man, apparently twenty-four or twenty-six years of age. He was well-dressed, wore a gold watch and chain, diamond studs and cuff-buttons and the purse in his pocket contained some fifteen or twenty pounds.

The man was shot in the head, as was seen by the wound and the blood flowing therefrom. There was no one in sight when Patrolman Wyman first came to the spot where the tragedy occurred, but presently a few late pedestrians came up, probably attracted, as Wyman had been, by the report of the firearm. It was just ten minutes past midnight, as indicated by the patrolman's timepiece, hence the murder or suicide, whichever it was, must have occurred at about five minutes past 12 M.

The man was evidently mortally wounded, although still breathing faintly. By the aid of several men the officer had the man moved to the nearest station house where medical aid was at once procured, but the sufferer died, without uttering a word, before the surgeon arrived.

When the wound was subsequently examined it was discovered that the ball had entered the head obliquely from the top.

"If the man committed suicide," the surgeon observed, "he must have held the weapon in his left hand, judging by the course the ball has taken. Was there a weapon found in his hand or near the spot?" he asked.

A revolver, a six-barreled one, was produced; the patrolman had picked it up in the street about four or five yards from where the body was found. One chamber only was empty, the rest were fully charged with ball and cartridges.

The coroner took charge of the dead man's effects, and, just at day-break, the inquest was held. No book or papers were found on his person by which his name could be ascertained, but several visiting-cards in his breast pocket bore the respective names of "Wesley Orning" and "Richard Craddock," but which of those names, if either, belonged to the dead man, could not, of course be decided upon.

The coroner, however, determined to do his whole duty, therefore, he dispatched a messenger to the address of the persons named on the cards, he having selected them from a city directory which was kept at the station house.

The messenger on his return said that neither of the gentlemen had been at their lodgings during the night, and it was not known where they might be found, as both were single men, and of a gay turn, and frequently remained out all night when the whim suited them.

Strangely enough, the two men were intimate acquaintances, the messenger had been told by both lodging-house keepers. Upon learning this the coroner concluded that it would be wise to summon both these ladies to see if either of them could identify the dead man as their lodger.

Mrs. Longworth identified the body as that of Richard Craddock, her lodger, which was, in a manner, corroborated by the other lady, Mrs. Dearborn, who also recognized him, having frequently seen him at her residence when on a visit to his friend, her lodger, Wesley Orning.

A detective was detailed to watch the residence of the latter lady and take Orning into custody when he appeared. But the young man did not return to his lodgings all day, nor could his whereabouts be ascertained after the most vigorous search by two officers specially detailed for that purpose. They found numerous places where both named parties resorted; they had been at several of these in the forepart of the night, and Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of a fashionable drinking saloon informed the officers that Craddock and Orning went away in company from his place at half past eleven, and presumed they were going to their lodgings.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was to the effect that Richard Craddock came to his death from a bullet-wound inflicted either by his own hand or that of a person unknown to the jury.

The papers so published the verdict in their morning editions and it had the effect of producing formidable evidence of the culpability of Wesley Orning.

A Mr. Starr private banker and money-lender called upon the coroner and stated that the deceased had deposited with him a considerable sum of money for which he—the banker—paid him a nominal interest.

Late in the evening, prior to the finding of his body, Craddock had called on him for two thousand pounds. Mr. Starr had the office located at his residence, he explained to the coroner.

Craddock intended the money for a private venture, he told the banker, and would place it in the hands of a party that night yet, said party would leave the city by the midnight train for Liverpool, and from thence proceed on his journey.

The nature of the business and the destination of this party, Craddock told him, was to remain a secret for an indefinite period. But in case the venture proved remunerative, as he had the most sanguine hopes it would, he would then let Mr. Starr into the secret.

"Now tell me, was this money found upon Craddock's person?" he asked of the coroner.

"It was not," that gentleman replied, then enumerated the various articles found about his person when brought to the police station.

"Do you think he committed suicide?" Starr next asked.

"That cannot be possibly known; but the surgeon allows that if it is a case of self-destruction the wound must have been inflicted with the left hand. Do you know if Craddock was a left-handed man?" the coroner asked.

Mr. Starr did not know positively, but believed he was not.

"It is unfortunate," the coroner remarked, "that the deceased did not name the person to whom he transferred the money, nor his object or destination. The secret may have died with him in case this person is dishonest, and he learns of the sudden death of Richard Craddock."

"That is so," observed Mr. Starr, reflectively, "but I have taken the precaution to register the number of the notes," he continued, "they were all in fifty and one hundred pound notes."

"That is well," the coroner rejoined, "it may be a means of detecting the culprit in case the man was murdered and robbed of it, or in case his secret agent acts dishonorably."

It will be observed by the attentive reader, that the name of the suspected man, Wesley Orning, was in no manner connected with the tragedy in the published accounts in the papers. This was not an accidental omission. It was the device of Mr. Hurst, the coroner, who had formerly been a detective, and retained all the precaution and shrewdness of the profession.

By not giving Orning any reason to suppose that he was suspected, the ex-detective reasoned, he would probably not be on his guard, and his arrest would only be a question of time. If he was the secret agent of Craddock, Hurst thought, he was probably by this time far away, if not out of the country, so the only thing for the authorities to do was to await his return in case the detective failed to trace him.

Several days passed when a girl of about twenty called upon the coroner and made a singular statement, to wit:

She was a domestic of Mr. Long, the occupant of the house before which the body of Craddock was found. Mr. Long, she said, was a very irritable and passionate man, and had on several occasions struck her for an alleged dereliction of duty.

"This morning he struck me a heavy blow with a stick, across my shoulders because I accidently let fall his teacup and broke it. For that blow I will have satisfaction," she said indignantly, "and if it prove what I suspect and have suspected, from the first, that cruel blow shall cost him dear. For some time past my master has been annoyed by a man who had a habit of knocking at the door late at night and ask if Mr. Jones, Smith, Brown or some other named person was in, and on each occasion my master who writes in the third story front room until late at night, would open the window and in a cross tone tell the man that no such person lived there, then he would close the window with a bang. This would occur about once or twice a week, and it made Mr. Long very angry, for since it was always the same man who called for that purpose, Mr. Long was sure it was meant to annoy him, and I heard him tell his wife only a few days ago that he would put a stop to it.

"I heard the well known knock on the night in question, but did not hear Mr. Long open the window to answer the summons. Presently there came another and louder knock, and immediately after there was a report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, after which I heard a sound as if a stone was thrown into the street. During all this time I heard no movement in my master's room, yet I believe he fired the shot that killed Mr. Craddock."

"Very probable, indeed, my girl," said the coroner; "for Craddock was shot on the top of the head, and a shot fired from a third story window would cause just such a wound if the man fired at stood on the steps of the house."

Mr. Hurst took the girl Ellen Baxter before a magistrate, who took her affidavit, afer which he issued a warrant for Long's arrest, which was effected shortly after.

The prisoner vehemently protested his innocence, and attributed all to the girl's desire for revenge on him for the blow he struck her for her negligence.

The room in which he spent his late hours at night was subjected to a search warrant examination, when a perfect "mare's nest" was discovered. The man was a very clever forger, as the evidence in his desk proved, for there was found the original signatures of many prominent tradesmen, many of whom had on various occasions been made the victims of forged checks in their names.

Numerous evidences were likewise found where these names had been imitated by the rascal, from the crude to the perfect imitation. Besides a number of blank checks on the Bank of England were also found among his effects.

Even if the homicide could not be traced to him, so as to convict him, he would, nevertheless be convicted on this charge and receive a life long sentence for his crime.

Ten days after the death of Craddock, and on the day fixed for the trial of James Long for murder, Wesley Orning returned to London, pale and haggard. He immediately called on Mr. Starr and placed four thousand pounds into his hand, saying, as he did so, "Here is poor Dick's money, with the sum gained by the investment, but what does it avail him that I have been successful?" he added with tears in his eyes.

In glancing at the notes Mr. Starr was greatly surprised to find all the notes he had paid to Craddock; among those Orning had laid on the table, and he was inquisitive enough to ask Orning why this was so, if he had invested it.

"Did not Dick tell you about it?" Orning asked.

"No. He said that if the venture proved lucky I should know all about it."

"That is, he would tell you?"

"Yes; so he said."

"Well, Mr. Starr, I fear then that you will never learn anything about the matter," Orning remarked, in a grave tone, "for when we parted at fifteen minutes of twelve on that fatal night he exacted a solemn promise from me to keep everything a profound secret, and, as he died without revealing it, I shall most certainly not do it. I never violated my trust to the living, and I shall not do it to the dead."

At the subsequent trial of Long, the evidence against him, though purely circumstantial, was so strong that the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

Then at the trial for forgery the evidence was most positive, and he was likewise convicted on that charge, and was sent to the penal colonies for life.

It was only after the conviction and sentence of Long, that Wesley Orning learned of the deadly peril that had menaced him. Mr. Starr was the person who informed him of all the particulars.

"Mr. Orning," the banker remarked reflectively. "Possibly few innocent men living have ever been in so imminent a peril as you have been. Suppose for instance, this girl had not made the statement she did, no one probably would have connected that old rascal with the affair, and you would all along have been suspected as the probable murderer of your friend.

"Then again, let us suppose that this venture had proved disastrous and you would have returned minus the money, and refused, as you might have done, to make any explanations, almost any jury in the kingdom would have convicted you on circumstantial evidence, and if you would have escaped the gibbet, a life-sentence would have been your fate. Do you see it all?"

"I do," the young man replied, with a visible shudder at the prospect.

"That girl, Ellen Baxter, deserves a reward for her timely intervention," the banker earnestly continued, "and I as a friend to you, and your unfortunate friend, Richard Craddock, shall give my share toward that object."

"Put me down for the same amount you contemplate giving her," said Orning, "and present your bill afterwards."

Thus it will be seen that a blow inflicted on an obscure domestic produced various and startling results. A suspected, though perfectly innocent person escaped a severe penalty, if not death, and a hitherto unsuspected person was proved to be a murder and a forgerer; for which latter offence the rogue had defied the entire corps of Scotland Yard detectives to entrap him.

The various victimized tradesmen were relieved of an evil they vainly combated against, and the poor girl who brought all this about became the recipient of a handsome sum of money for the valuable service she had rendered.

It never transpired in what manner Orning invested the funds Craddock had entrusted him with, and which returned one hundred per cent. profit. Wesley Orning held his tongue and kept his word with the dead.

Old Notions Concerning Bridemaids.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of the principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a train of lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill misaress, "sizing" them so that no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridemaid was not only duly provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the breastfolds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridemaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridemaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridemaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride. Referring once more to the bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our own country that the bride in removing these must take special care that her bridemaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortune will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridemaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects will be thereby materially lessened.

Precious Stones in America.

This country is an exceptionally heavy purchaser of precious stones. During the last fiscal year over $8,000,000 worth of diamonds and precious stones have been imported, to say nothing of the considerable quantities smuggled, which escape the record. These figures probably include small quantities of American stones, as these are sometimes cut in Europe and thus lose their identity. The imports vary greatly in different periods, and are largely determined by changes in the general prosperity or by speculative profits. The new tariff law fixes the duty on precious stones of all kinds at 10 per cent.

Writing for Life.

Raven and I were at the same hospital, St. Lazarus, where he held a medical and I a surgical appointment. We were both hard worked, often day and night. Raven looked in good health, and was very successful; indeed, he bade fair to rise in a short time to great eminence in the profession. He was immensely popular with every one. His gray hair and bright blue eyes, and healthy florid complexion, combined with a frank, open and hearty manner in speaking, made him a friend with everybody, and inspired confidence in all his patients as well as his friends.

Raven came up to me one day in the hospital. "I've just received a summons to Exeter," said he. "The family is wealthy and influential: it is now just 9.30, and we will go down together. Send me word during the afternoon if you can come or not. From what I know of the case I've been called to attend, I am sure it's more of a surgical than a medical one. It will be an excellant chance for you, Lawson, and I can promise you a good fee to begin with. Therefore, if you can possibly manage it, meet me at Paddington this evening. You promise?"

"Unless something unforseen should happen to prevent me, I will be at the station at 9:30."

Raven was dramatically impressive, I thought, as we parted, and I arranged my work so as to be able to keep my appointment. I was only just in time to catch Raven, who hastily opened the door of the railway carriage.

"Jump in, Jack jump in. A half-crown to the guard has secured the compartment for us all the way down, so we shall have it all to ourselves without fear of interruption. Time's up; you have to run it fine. Fire away!"

He flung in my bags, and the several rugs, etc., and he entered. The guard touched his hat and shut the door with a bang.

"This door is unlocked, guard," said I.

"Yes, sir—side nearest the platform is always unlocked. The other door is locked.

He whistled and the train started.

"I can't bear the idea of both doors being locked," I remarked to Raven. "In case of accident it would be impossible for us to escape from this carriage."

"It doesn't matter," he said, and relapsed into silence.

For about twenty minutes he remained opposite to me, sometimes with his eyes closed, sometimes with them fixed upon me in the most unpleasant manner. All my endeavors to draw him into conversation failed, and after some time I gave them up and also relapsed into silence.

Suddenly he rose from his seat and drew from inside his overcoat a long and pointed knife, which flashed ominously in the lamplight.

"Jack Lawson, we must both of us die to-night," said he, calmly and deliberately, without any excitement of manner. "I feel that the time has come for both of us to quit this vale of tears."

"Yes, I quite agree with you, Tom Raven," I replied—seeing what had happened—in as calm a voice as his own. "I have long thought that life was becoming very undesirable; and, to leave it in your company, with you, my oldest and warmest friend, would be the most agreeable thing that could happen. But—you are not married, Tom?"

"Thank heaven, no!"

"Remember, I am married; and had you given me notice of this wish of yours before starting I would have made arrangements and have spoken to my wife to prepare her. Have you made your will?"

"No; I have not."

"Good heaven, man, not made your will! Tom, it is absolutely necessary for both of us to make our wills before we die. I have not made mine, and I should not like to leave the world with the chances of my wife and child going to the workhouse or to be chargeable on the parish after my death. You would wish to leave your money to some one in particular—is it not so?"

"Of course I should like to leave my money properly—of course—yes! I never thought of making my will."

"You must also remember, Tom, that it would never do to die deliberately, in the way we both wish to die, without leaving to the world our reason for the act. You would not wish your name to be a by-word and be a cause of derision to any one, I am sure; and I am certain I don't wish my own to be so. Therefore, we must draw out our reasons for dying."

"Do you know, Jack, I never thought of that?"

"Well, then, first put your knife down on the cushion there, and then we will set to work. I've plenty of paper in my bag and plenty of lead in my pencil, and we've the whole night before us."

A tremble of my hand, a quiver in my voice, would have been fatal. I opened the bag and drew forth the writing paper. The knife was on the cushion at my side.

"Now, Tom, let us first state our reasons to the world for wishing to die to-night by our own hands. If you will dictate to me your reasons I will write them down, and then we will revise and correct them. After that I will dictate my own to you and you shall write them. We shall be able to do our work well and quickly."

"Quite right, Jack we ought to give them our reasons. How odd that I never thought of that! Let me see; if I kill you first I might write them out afterward."

"Ah, but who will write out mine? Don't be selfish, there is a good chap."

"To be sure! Well are you ready?"

He began to dictate long and flowery sentences. Now and again I interrupted his flow of language to gain time. This kept him thoroughly occupied and interested, while the train sped on at express rate. He had nearly finished his long rambling dictation, when to my inexpressible delight I felt the speed of the train slackening. I knew my chance of deliverance was near.

"Read over for yourself what I have written," I said to him. "The carriage is very close—a little fresh air will do us good. I will make any correction you may require."

I sat on the knife and reached over to lower the glass. A slight fumbling necessitated my rising to manage better, and the knife was in my left hand concealed under my coat. I turned around to look at my old friend and saw him trying intently to read my scribble by the light of the lamp, seemingly unconscious of the stopping of the train. In another moment the glass descended, the knife dropped upon the platform, my hand was thrust through the window and on the handle of the door. The train nearly stopped as I jumped out, shut the door and held the handle firmly. Poor Raven was then quite engrossed with what I had written for him. I called the guard, and secretly and quietly the porters were assembled over the platform at the door of the carriage. "Come, Tom, this is Swinton! Let us have a cup of coffee!" I called through the window.

In that moment the spell was broken. I saw him look for his knife then rush to the window at the opposite side, but we were too quick and too powerful for him. The guard, two porters and I jumped into the carriage, and he was secured.

My best friend, with a brilliant future before him and in the ripe portion of his life, was a raving maniac, and has remained so—insane from that time—one of the many victims to overwork.

I need scarcely add the case which Raven has represented to me as calling him to Exeter was an entire fabrication, and was invented by him as part of the scheme which, in his madness, he had no doubt seriously imagined would be for the benefit of us both.

That terrible night can never be effaced from my memory, and I can never sufficiently congratulate myself on having so fortunately thought of the expedient which answered so admirably—"Writing for life."

Advice to Gentlemen.

The following article has been sent us with the request to publish it. We trust it does not apply to any of the relatives or friends of our readers: Allow me to give some advice to gentlemen from twenty to forty years of age, who can see so many faults in the opposite sex and none in their own. As it has now become fashionable for gentlemen to express publicly their disapprobation of the dress, manners, habits and education of the female community at large, I think we ladies, in justice to ourselves, are now called upon to retaliate, and also should be permitted to make public our opinions of the sort of men which we would, and would not like to marry. The moral, sensible, steady, industrious, honorable man, who can work for a living, besides putting his hand to any little manly job about his own house, such as mend a chair or table, paint a door, plaster a fire-grate, white-wash the ceiling, paper the bedroom, clean his own boots, and be a gentleman withal in company, is just the sort of man for me or any sensible lass to marry. But your empty-headed, self-conceited, starch-necked, cigar-smoking, brandy-drinking, money-hunting, lady-killing, lazy, lounging, selfish, plotting, scheming, mean, deceiving, pomatum plastered animals, who call yourselves Lords of creation, you're no more fit for matrimony than a spider is to command a regiment. The fact is, my dear fellows, you want, generally speaking, more common sense and less puppyism, knowledge and less foppery, more manliness and less impudence, more honor and less falsehood, more brains and less mustache! Shave off your mustaches and be more like men and less like monkeys; throw away your cigars and walking-sticks, take a useful book into your fingers and try if you if you can pick up a bit of common knowledge, so that in time you may learn to be what the God of Nature designed. I submit the above to the Albert-chained, wash-pinned, brass-ringed, false-fronted, gambling, horse-betting paragons of wit, fashion and frivolity, who are looking out to catch any rich woman who could be fool enough to marry them. And, seriously speaking, it is much to be deplored that such creatures as these, without affection, knowledge, means, or useful capability whatever, should be selected for husbands, and a change in this order of things is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

The Great Atlantic Racing Steamers.

The great racing steamers of the Atlantic lines have repeatedly, during the past year, beaten all previous records of voyages across the Atlantic. So frequently has this been done and so small have been the differences, it is by no means settled which ship can make the trip in the shortest time when circumstances are all favorable. Differences in the conditions under which the various trps have been made have been such that no conclusion has been reached which is not liable to be overthrown on the next voyage. Before this question is solved, the new steamer "Umbria" will probably reduce the record, between New York and Liverpool, so low that the speed of the "Oregon" or of the "America" will have very little interest for the public. Mr. Douglass, the consulting engineer of the firm by whom the "Umbria" was built, thinks she will make her average fast passages in six days and a half, and under the most favorable circumstances she will do it in six days. When each of the Atlantic lines has a steamer as fast as they can afford to buy or build, it is safe to say that it will be some years before there is any considerable change in the record. Should the "Umbria" at once demonstrate her superiority, ocean racing will be at an end, so far as interest is concerned, for some years to come. Of course there is the possibility that some other line may want to have a racing ship, and then it is difficult to say what the result would be. Should another fast ship be put on the stocks in England for the Atlantic trade, it is not at all probable that the lines of the "Umbria" will be copied. To enter the port of New York she has to lose some 300 tons of carrying capacity. Her draught of water is too great for the port she was designed to enter. Such a mistake as this is not likely to be repeated.

Adrift on Hudson Bay.

The head office of the Hudson Bay Company, in Halifax, on the 15th, received alarming intelligence concerning the safety of one of their finest vessels, the Prince of Wales, homeward-bound with a cargo of furs estimated at nearly half a million dollars. The Prince of Wales, it appears, entered the bay bound from London to Moose Factory, on James Bay, the most southern point of Hudson Bay, early in September, but owing to the heavy pack ice did not make Moose Factory until the end of the month. She lost no time in getting her cargo aboard and set sail again during the first week in October. She had a terrible passage across James Bay to the entrance of Hudson Straits. Here she encountered a barrier of solid polar ice which extended as far as the eye could see, of immense thickness, and standing out of the water in some places as high as the main yards.

The vessel sailed along the edge of this ice two days looking for an outlet without success. The thermometer registered ten degrees below zero, and from all appearances she would soon be frozen in. The captain gave orders to put the ship about and tried to make for the outer roads at Moose Factory again, intending to Winter there. After great difficulty Charlton Island, twenty five miles from Moose Factory, was reached, when it was found impossible to make further progress. A boat manned by the mate and four sailors was sent ashore to make arrangements for supplies and clothing for a long stay.

The arctic region voyage of the unfortunate men to the mainland was terrible. Soon after they set out a strong headwind sprang up, the mercury fell rapidly, a blinding snowstorm came on and the boat was every moment in danger of being cut to pieces by the ice, and for three days they were doubtful whether they would ever see land again. On the fourth day they sighted Moose River, all badly frozen and in a starving condition.

Next day one of the boats was manned provisioned and supplied with axes, sleds and clothing for wintering in the ship. The boat had only made ten miles when she got frozen in, had to be cut out and drawn back over the ice. Four Indians were next despatched across the ice in search of the vessel. They returned in five days with word that they had sighted Charlton Island, but could see no traces of the Prince of Wales. They surmised that she must have got jammed in a floe and carried eastward. Great anxiety was felt for her safety as well as for the crew, who were not provided with the necessaries for wintering in the ice. A letter received by the office here says:

"All we can do now is to wait until dogs and sleds are supplied from Albany and Rupert's House, when an expedition will be organized and an attempt made to locate the ship and haul provisions and clothing to her. We trust we shall find her by January, but she is not in a pleasant position. She will now be short of provisions and will have to remain in the ice till May or June."

Railroad men and others who have had experience in the Hudson Bay region are perfectly satisfied that the money now being spent by the Government is useless and will only demonstrate that the difficulties to be contended with in navigating the Arctic Sea render it totally unfit as an outlet to Europe and that this last experience will give a quietus to the much-talked-of Manitoba & Hudson Bay Railroad connecting with a line of ocean steamers to Europe and thereby shortening the distance by nearly a thousand miles.

Shadow Pantomims.

The shadow pantomime can easily be arranged in a large room, across the center of which a sheet is stretched; or, better still, in two parlors, across the opening between the two rooms, the sheet is suspended. The sheet should be damp, but not wet enough to allow the water to drip on the carpet. The performance takes place in the back parlor, behind the sheet; the audience sit in the other room in front of the sheet. The audience part should be in semi-darkness, while behind the sheet there should be a strong light from a lamp placed on the floor.

The actors come in front of the lamp, and their shadows thus thrown vividly on the sheet, their bulk increasing and decreasing according to distance. When they jump over the lamp from behind, their shadows appear to descend from the roof, and when they jump back again, that is from the sheet their shadows appear to vanish in the sky.

The actors may be dressed in various fantastic ways; for instance, an old man may be represented by a boy in his father's great coat, tottering along by aid of a stick; an old woman may be played by little Kate or Jenny in grandmother's bonnet or shawl; and tiny Toddles may be made to appear as a miniature clown by means of a paper cap and a large pair of knickerbockers, with the legs stuffed. In this way amusing scenes may be performed; the more activity displayed by the actors, the more fun. Tables, chairs, etc., may be introduced, and much merriment is caused by one boy jumping over the back of another, and vanishing at each jump.

A Stubborn Princess.

When John Brown first entered the service of Prince Albert, the little princess hearing their father address him as "Brown," used the same form in speaking to him. The Queen corrected them, and they all addressed him as "Mr. Brown,' excepting the Princess Louise, who, imperious in childhood, persisted in her right to use the name as her father did. One morning the Queen heard her and informed her that if she again addressed Mr. Brown without a handle to his name she would be sent to bed. The next day when Brown appeared, the future marchioness said: "Good morning, Brown," and then she added, "Good night, Brown, for I am going to bed."

With wheat very cheap and eggs bringing good prices, better encourage laying by feeding some of the former.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 4, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $46.

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Many new ornaments—Silver Banner Rods are the very latest. Handsome little Crescents, both plain and with Stars and Bangles. We can complete any piece of work you may have on the frame.

One of our latest stamping patterns is a Spider Web; for working it they use Gold Thread or Tinsel Cord, it is decidedly pretty and entirely new. A little Thermometer adds to the effect, yet very little to the cost.

We have eight shades in Felt. For trimmings we have Felt in Light Blue, Light Old Gold, Cadet Blue, &c.

Don't forget that our line of Yarns is complete. Plushes in all the fancy shades. Many new styles in Prints, and many new pieces of Ginghams are in. Wait for our line of Dress Goods before you make your purchase.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Fancy goods—Garmans. 28

——Millheim taxes its roller rink $30 a year.

——The Philad. Branch can sell you the Inauguration suit. Go and get one.

——L. B. Stover, of Madisonburg, has joined the list of Auctioneers. Lute has good lungs.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

——Esq. Rishel and Mr. W. H. Bloom, two solid citizens of Gregg, gave our sanctum a call.

——Mr. J. R. Bible, of near Centre Hill, showed his pleasant face in our sanctum the other day.

——Clothing, boots and shoes sold cheap as the cheapest; call and examine prices—J. D. Long, Spring Mills.

——Mr. Goheen, of Harris, gave us a pleasant call. Mr. G. is one of the most popular auctioneers of the upper part of the valley.

——J. Henry Keller's car with household goods for Kansas left this station on Tuesday. The family will follow beginning of next week.

——Mr. J. E. Jenkins, Grand Lodge lecturer for the Good Templers, will be in Centre Hall in a short time to lecture and organize a G. T. lodge.

——If any of our present subscribers will club with a new one, both can get the Reporter and the New York Weekly World for $2.25 each, one year, pay in advance. 3m

——Centre Hall folks can now actually go to Bellefonte by railroad—via Montandon, Williamsport and Lock Haven—distance, some less than 150 miles. By pike it is 7½ and on B line about 6 miles.

——The White Fawn roller flour manufactured at the White Deer mills is considered the best in central Penn'a, and is for sale at Dinges' store at the introductory price, $1.25 per sack. Try it. 2t

——The plans and specifications for the new Lutheran church at Centre Hall are now ready and can be seen by contractors who desire to bid for the erection of same. Read adv. in another column.

——Sheriff Walker, of Centre county, has sworn in his wife as his deputy, and the lady has already served a couple of writs. Mrs. Walker used to be noted for her Powers, hence she'll make a good deputy.

——Saturday was mild, Sunday cold and damp with sleet at night which fixed up sleighing for Monday. Monday evening rain, followed by storm which was very fierce Tuesday all day and roads very icy.

——All kinds of goods reduced in price; full stock to suit the times, and will not be undersold. Produce taken in exchange for goods, and highest market prices paid for same—J. D. Long, Spring Mills.

——The Penn'a R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., and return Feb. 20 and 21 good to return Feb. 23, for parties desiring to attend the dedication ceremonies of the Washington monument. Rate for round trip from Centre Hall, $9.83.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World and the REPORTER for $2.25 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

——Our Boalsburg package for Jan'y 28, by error which for years did not occur in this office, was mailed to the wrong place, and the post-master of the office to which it went was not obliging enough to return it for mailing to its proper destination, hence our friends at Boalsburg were deprived of that issue, and will please bear with us under the circumstances.

——Tuesday night and Wednesday storm continued fierce and cold.

——The thermometer on Wednesday was 12 degrees below zero. The coldest this winter so far.

——Frederick Weaver, an old resident of near Aaronsburg, is seriously ill, and not expected to live.

——Rev. Sarvis has a revival meeting going on in the M. E. church of this place. A number of seekers have presented themselves.

——Mr. John Toner, of near Potters Mills, an old and well-known citizen of that section, was found dead in bed on last Sunday morning. He made no complaint of being unwell and his death evidently was from apoplexy. His age was 73 years.

——The new Centre Hall steam grist mill which will commence running early in the spring, will be in charge of J. D. Wagner, formerly of Rock Mills, now of Milesburg, as miller. Mr. Aaron Harter, of Hartleton, has been engaged as engineer. Both these gentlemen are thoroughly schooled in their respective positions and are young men of excellent character. The mill outfit will be of the best roller machinery made in the United States, and the mill thus manned and equipped will no doubt turn out first-class work. A long felt want is soon to be supplied and a large scope of country will be greatly convenienced by so important an enterprise.

——Of the sixteen applications for liquor licenses before the January court, eight were granted, one held over, and seven refused. Those who received license were A. E. Graham, A. B. Freeman and James I. Delong, of Liberty township; Cook Condo, Miles; Robert Taylor, Philipsburg; James Redding, of Snow Shoe, and Charles M. Heisler, of Bellefonte. The application of James Passmore, of Philipsburg, was held over. Those refused were O. H. Brady, Bridget McCann and Charles W. Reeder, Philipsburg; H. J. Walker, H. M. Witherite, J. C. Hicker and W. P. Brown, Snow Shoe.

——Rev. J. J. Pearce, pastor of the M. E. church, recently received an anonymous letter, containing a sum of money. The writer said he lived in Lewistown about twenty years ago, and had left with some small debts standing. He had since reformed, and desired even at this late day, to square up. The debts were as follows: Blymyer & Sons, $6; Frank 25 cents; Parker & Sons, 50 cents; Mrs. Patton, milliner, $1; Billy Johnson, $4—total, $12.75. Rev. Pierce has complied with the request of the letter. So says the Lewistown *Sentinal*. Fellows who have swindled the printer might follow the example.

——Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & Co, Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

TUSSEYVILLE, Feb. 9, '85.

HON. FRED KURTZ—Dear Sir: There appeared an item in your valuable paper of last week reflecting upon the "Germans of the upper end of the Loop." Now, Mr. Editor, allow me a little space to simplify the above item. The writer of it is of Irish descent; and was very much grieved from the fact that he had no invitation to the party. Is there any reason why he should meddle with other people's business? Probably his idea of going to the party was to sell a certain kind of mixture which he got in exchange from a York State Yankee. He sold it to the country merchants until he thought it was going to become interesting for him, so he quit the business. Keep quiet you Irishman. The next time we have a party we will give you a call. A GERMAN.

Dry goods—Garmans. 28

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1 up at the Bee Hive.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—There will be a meeting in the interest of the Constitutional amendment association in the Evangelical church, Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th. A. S. Baumgardner, of near Pittsburg, will deliver one of his famous lectures at that time. Don't fail to be present.

Judge Simonton, of Dauphin county, has charged the grand jury to look into skating rinks, for the purpose of learning if they are conducted so as to endanger the morals of the young. As skating rinks are multiplying in all parts of the state, other Judges and grand juries might take some care of this popular form of recreation.

Nebraska farmers are burning corn because it is more abundant and cheaper than coal. Pennsylvania and Hocking Valley miners are almost starving beside the idle coal mines, because the monopolists have conspired to maintain the price of coal above its real value by reducing the production. There is probably a moral concealed somewhere beneath these two statements.

THE REMINGTONS, OF ILION.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout is an old saying, and a true one; but is not the investment a safe one? A piece of iron suggests but little to a village blacksmith. To the Remingtons, of Ilion, it means work, process, development, fame, fortune, everything; a rifle, a plow, an engine, a type-writer, or sewing machine. It is the same iron, but in different hands. It lives, it grows, it travels. It plants itself in every field of war or peace, it enters every town and hamlet, it seeks the merchant in his counting room, and the clergyman in his study; it crosses the threshold of every home, becoming a necessity and a household world. It has character, fibre, force, and makes itself felt. It has power, it asserts dominion, it commands success. The history and travels of a bar of iron in the different departments at Ilion would make an interesting book. The children of our public schools must think so, for many of our little ones up and down the land are to be seen daily going to their homes each with a copy of "Sunshine" in hand, on which are the words "Remington" and "Ilion." Hereafter, if advertisements lie not, a farm without a Remington plough, or a home without a Remington sewing machine will be rare indeed.

The Remingtons are the most popular gun manufacturers of America. They have the largest establishment in the world. They build on no man's foundation. They have no superior nor equal in their special line. From any standpoint the work of the Remingtons is a marvelous success.

In 1816, over sixty-eight years ago, Eliphat Remington founded the works which still bear his name, and to day the Remington goods are known in New York and in London, in Sydney and in Brazil, in Chicago and in Hong Kong alike, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth the name of "Remington" is a household word. Their business is simply gigantic. It costs over a million a year to run it. The past has been full of work, and the future will simply take up the past, and carry it on through the years to come.

Sewing machines and agricultural implements made by E. Remington & Sons sold be J. R. Alexander, Bellefonte. Buy them.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. jan7y

Seven woodchoppers, twelve miles from Dallas, Texas, were poisoned while at dinner yesterday. Three will die, the others will recover. The poison was in the coffee, and investigation discovered a worm in the dregs which was pronounced to be a centipede. It is presumed it had been dipped up in a water vessel from a creek near the camp.

NEVER GIVE UP.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by all druggists.

BEACH MUST HANG.

The Board of Pardons spent four hours in executive session considering the application for clemency in the case of Dr. L. U. Beach, sentenced to be hanged on 12 instant for the murder of his wife. The board finally decided not to interfere in the case, and Dr. Beach will be executed on the above mentioned day.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want live, energetic and capable agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every housekeeper, it might not be necessary to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $50 to $60 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least $30 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like to have ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least $50 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not have agents now making double the amount we guarantee, and but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 18 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circular explains our offer fully, and these we wish to send to *every one* out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,

21jan3m 166 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

DOWN A 900 FOOT SHAFT.

Wilkesbarre, Jan. 26.—The Woodward colliery of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road at Kingston was the scene of a thrilling accident this morning. A full force of sinkers were at work in the shaft which is now down about 900 feet. Shortly before noon the engineer received the signal to hoist some men wanting to come up. He started the engines, but when the bucket was within 200 feet of the surface he discovered that a connecting-pin had dropped out of the reversing lever and that it was impossible to stop the engines in time. He dropped the useless lever and with a terrible cry rushed to the head of the shaft just in time to shout to the two men in the bucket as they were whirled upward at a frightful speed: "Jump! jump! I can't stop!" The men realized their condition in an instant and sprang from the bucket. One of them, Dan'l Egan, fell short in his leap and disappeared down the shaft. His body, in striking the sides and timbers, was broken to pieces and fell in fragments at the bottom. The other man, Edward Devans, caught some timbers in his leap and was saved. The bucket was drawn over the sheave wheels, breaking them to pieces and wrecking the whole head house. Egan was 25 years old and unmarried.

Sale Feb. 28.

PUBLIC SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer at public sale at Potters Mills, Saturday, February 28, at 1 p. m., the following real estate of Dr. A. S. Weaver, deceased, consisting of a lot of ground bounded by John McCoy, W. J. Thompson, Jacob Breon, and the turnpike, containing One Acre, more or less, thereon erected a House, Office and Stable, and other outbuildings, all good as new, with good fruit and a well of water on the premises.

Terms—One-third cash, two per cent of which shall be paid on day of sale; one-third in one year and the balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and the property to be insured for the benefit of the Administrator. W. J. THOMPSON, Administrator.

Sale Feb. 28.

PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order issued by the Court of Common Pleas to the undersigned, there will be offered at public sale, at the public house of H. S. Shafer, at Spring Mills, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1 p. m., the following real estate of Elizabeth Jamison: A tract of land in Gregg twp., bounded by lands of heirs of Adam Jamison, Fred Zettle, Geo. Breon, S. Harter, Jacob McCool and Jas. G. Evans, containing 25 Acres and 108 perches, neat measure, of which 4 Acres are clear, balance well timbered with chestnut, rock oak and other timber.

Also, a tract of land situate in said township, bounded by lands of John Borell, and lands formerly of Geo. Withington and John A. Confer, containing 3 Acres and 55 perches, all clear and in a high state of cultivation.

Also, another tract of land situate in said township, bounded by lands formerly of George Boal, Geo. Gentzel, Hiram Cain and John Borell, containing 6 Acres, all clear and in a high state of cultivation, thereon a House and Barn, necessary outbuildings, orchard of choice fruit, and a well of never failing water at the door.

Terms.—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid cash; one-half of balance when deed is delivered; remainder in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. T. B JAMISON, Committee.

Sale March 17.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, two miles west of Potters Mills, on Tuesday, March 17, at 12 o'clock: Four head of horses, 2 2-years old and 1 1-year old colts, 6 milk cows, Jersey bull two years old, 12 head of young cattle, 28 head sheep, 2 sows with pig, Berkshire boar, six shoats, Johnson Harvester good as new, Johnson Mower, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, broad wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, horse rake, sulkey cultivators, two South Bend plows, horse roller, set tug harness, set cruppers, set of double harness, collars, bridles, halters, double and single trees, forks, shovels, etc. A reasonable credit will be given. H. C. SHIRK.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1½ miles east of Linden Hall, on Thursday, February 19: Six head of horses, yearling colt, 5 cows, 5 head of young cattle, Durham bull, 5 shoats, breeding sow, new Johnson Harvester, Johnson Mower, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, bob sled, top BUGEY, ploughs, harrows, cultivators, hay rake, double and single trees, horse gears, bridles, collars, hay fork, with pulleys and 100 feet of rope, 20 bushels seed corn, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and a variety of other household goods and furniture, also three-fifths interest of 50 acres of wheat in the ground. Sale at 10 a. m. RUPP BROTHERS.

Wm. Goheen, Auct.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 2¾ miles west of Millheim, on Friday, February 13, at 9 o'clock: Five horses, 8 cows, short-horned Durham bull, 6 head young cattle, young breeding sow, 8 shoats, 2 two-horse wagons, 2 2-horse spring wagons, 1-horse spring wagon, reaper and mower, hay rake, threshing machine, shaker and power, Union litter fanning mill, double sled, log sled, plow, 2 harrows, spring harrow, 2 small corn cultivators, 2-horse cultivator, shovel plow, corn scraper, corn planter, hay loader, hay fork, rope and pulleys, plow gears, Yankee harness, set of double driving harness, single driving harness, bridles, collars, check and single lines, lead reins, forks, rakes, shovels, hoes, log chain, double and single trees, spread, wheelbarrow, grain cradle, digging iron, seed corn, grindstone, bedsteads, bureaus, cupboards, sink, tables, chairs, woodchest, dough-tray, lounges chest, sewing machine, cook stoves, ten plate stove, iron kettles, meat stands, tubs, crocks, dinner bell, cider barrels, vinegar, apple-butter, etc. B. F. PHILIPS.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.—The valuable farm of the undersigned, about 100 acres, and good buildings, situate about one mile east of Potters Mills, is offered for sale or rent. Persons desiring to buy or rent can call upon Wm. W. Boyer, on the premises, or upon the undersigned. A. RANKIN, decl2t Lewistown, Pa.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Centre Hall, on Friday, March 6: Three good work horses, Bay Stallion, rising 3 years old, one fine Morgan horse colt, rising 3 years, very fine Percheron horse colt, rising 2 years old, 3 milk cows, young cattle, 2 breed sows, boar, Chesterwhite shoats, No. 3 6-foot cut Osborne Harvester, Excelsior combined reaper and mower, in good repair, Union 9-hoe grain drill, with latest improved Fertilizer attachment, cultivators, etc. Centre Hall horse-power, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m. PETER HOFFER.

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Pottery Mill, Wednesday, March 4: 3 work horses, 1 a good breeding mare, 2 Clidesdale colts, 1 a yearling and the other a spring colt, 2 cows, 5 head of young cattle, 1 short-horned bull, 2 calves, shoats, 2 combined reapers and mowers, 1 a Buckeye, the other a Russel, ½ interest in an 8-horse power Geiser separator, threshing machine and shaker, Stoner drill, 4 horse broad-wheel wagon, narrow wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, all good, 2 scrapers, hayrake, cornplanter, cultivators, plows, harrows, cutting box, hay fork, with rope and pulley, rakes, forks, chains of all kinds, horse gears and harness, housings, a good post auger, post digger, crowbars, &c., flynets fine and coarse, and all his farming tools. Household furniture of all kinds, sausage chopper, meat stand, and vessels, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m. ROBERT McCORMICK.

Sale March 7.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile east of Tusseyville, Saturday, March 7: One horse, one colt, 3 milk cows, 4 head young cattle, 19 head of sheep, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse sled, grain drill, hayrake, fanning mill, hayrope, Harpoon and pulley, plow, harrow, corn planter, cultivators, cornplow, combined reaper and mower, cross-cut saw, chains, forks and other articles. Household goods, stoves, meat vessels, barrels, grind stone, chopper machine, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock. LUCINDA RUNKLE.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Ulrich, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. janet GEO. GROSSMAN. Executor, Tusseyville, Pa.

CHURCH LETTING.—Propo als for building a brick church, at Centre Hall, will be received until February 28. Plans and specifications are now ready and can be seen by application to the Committee. The committee reserve the right to refuse any or all bids.

FREDK. KURTZ, Chairman. Jno. SPANGLER, M. DERSTINE, JAS. ALEXANDER, J. T. LEE, Lutheran Ch. Building Com.

REV. W. E. FISCHER, Secretary.

SINGULAR WILLS.

A Frenchman, dying after a life of bachelorhood, left a handsome legacy to a lady who had, twenty years before, refused to marry him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance, and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him to a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom. A punster of the seventeenth century, who seems to have carried his sense of the ridiculous to the confines of this world, bequeathed to his valet a worn-out portmanteau, not so much for its own value as for that he would attach to its contents, there being within it something which would enable him to drink. The man, who it appears was somewhat given to the bottle, lost no time on his return from his master's burial in examining the mysterious legacy. On turning the key, however, his disgust may be imagined at finding nothing in the box but a red herring! A man who had long maintained the appearance of great poverty, died in Berlin, leaving behind him a fortune of one hundred and thirty-five thousand marks. He also left a will, in which he directed that, with the exception of three thousand marks, the whole of his property should be given to the authorities of his native place in Bavaria. It was further directed that the three thousand marks should be divided in equal sums among nine of his relations and one friend, with whom, as he said in his will, he had formerly had a difference. It was stipulated that none of these legatees was to follow his coffin; and the relatives strictly observed this stipulation. But the friend, mindful of times, quietly went to the churchyard, and on the coffin being lowered, threw in three handfuls of dust. This friendly act has met with substantial reward, for, on further search, a codicil was found, directing that, in the event of one of the ten legatees disregarding the injunction not to follow the coffin, the contumacious one should receive the bulk of the fortune, otherwise left to the town. The authorities of the native town do not disguise their conviction that the friend knew all about this codicil; but, however that may be, he succeeded to the fortune.

RECORD OF HOT SUMMERS.

In 627 the heat was so great in France and Germany that all the springs dried up; water became so scarce that many people died of thirst. In 870 work in the fields had to be given up; agricultural laborers persisting in their work were struck down in a few minutes, so powerful was the sun. In 993 the sun's rays were so fierce that vegetation burned as under the action of fire. In 1000 rivers ran dry under the protracted heat; the fish were left dry in heaps and putrefied in a few hours. The stench that ensued produced to plague. Men and animals venturing in the sun in the summer of 1022 fell down dying; the throat parched to a tinder and the blood rushed to the brain. In 1132 not only did the rivers dry up, but the ground cracked on every side, and became baked to the hardness of stone. The Rhine, in Alsace, nearly dried up. Italy was visited by a terrific heat in 1139; vegetation and plants were burned up. During the battle of Bela, in 1260, there were more victims made by the sun than by weapons; men fell down sunstruck in regular rows. In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; men and beasts died in scores. The heat in several French departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dared venture out between noon and 4 P. M. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theatres never opened their doors for several months. In 1762 the thermometer rose to one hundred and eighteen degrees.

BOURDELOT AND HIS VIOLIN.

The eloquent French preacher Bourdelot was a performer on the violin, and a story is told that he was once appointed to preach on Good Friday, and the proper officer to attend him, having arrived at his home, was directed to his study. As he approached he heard the sound of a violin, and, the door being a little open, he saw Bourdelot, stripped to his cassock, playing a brisk tune upon the instrument and dancing about the room. He was much surprised, and knocked at the door, when the distinguished divine laid down his instrument, and, putting on his gown, told the officer, with his usual composed look, that he was ready to attend him. On their way, his companion expressed to Bourdelot his surprise at what he had seen, who replied that he might be, unless acquainted with his practice on these occasions. On thinking over the intended subject of his discourse, he found he was too depressed to treat it as he ought, and so had recourse to his usual method, some music, with a little bodily exercise, and thus put himself into a proper frame of mind to do with pleasure what would otherwise have been a work of pain and labor.

A Western circus man recently ordered a large advertising poster to be printed, and objected because there was so much sky in it. "I ain't agoin' to advertise the sky," he said to the lithographer. "I paid you to advertise my show. Drop a few camels, and stick them up there. I ain't agoin' to have all that good space run to waste."

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

BIBLES! BIBLES!—Persons wanting a Bible, from $5 up to $18.50—the best and only edition of the kind printed in the state, should hold up their orders for Michael Zeigler, of Millheim, who is canvassing this county. tf

An old subscriber of the REPORTER, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the REPORTER and the "Weekly World" 1 year

IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

Lancaster, N. H. Dec. 3, '79.—By the way I will say that I think Downs' Elixir the best cough remedy that I can find at our druggists. We always use it. J. S. PEAVEY, Pub. Republican.

All diseases arising from biliousness or torpid liver are quickly cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. See notice of Arnica and Oil Liniment in another column. Sold by J. D. MURRAY, at Centre Hall. feb'y

THE GREAT ZINGARI

For toothache and neuralgia has no equal. Warranted. Only 15 cents at all drug stores. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

☞The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

MARRIED.

January 29, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, W. W. Bible and S. Lizzie Royer, both of near Spruce Town, Pa.

February 8, at the Lutheran parsonage, by same, Wm. Nyhart, of Nittany Hall, and Amanda Weaver, of Spring Mills.

DIED.

On February 6, at near Centre Hall, after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Fauber, wife of Daniel Fauber, aged 72 years, 2 months, 19 days.

On February 3, James Stover, of Rebersburg, aged 72 years, 8 months and 9 days. His sufferings were great, but his end peace.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		35	36
" Western "		34	31
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates		24
" " "	bbls		22
Western, ex brands "	crates		23
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	10	11
" mixed "	"	9	10
" Western, straight	"	9	10
" " mixed	"	8	9
Roosters	"	6	8
Ducks, extra	"	11	13
" fair	"	11	12
Geese, extra	"	9	10
CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	8	8¾
" Fair to good	"	7	7¾
" Common stock	"	4	6
" Hog-dressed	"	7	8
Sheep, prime	"	3	3½
Lambs, extra	"		5
Live Cattle	"	4¾	5¼
Hogs, live	"	5¾	6
Pigs, live	"	5	5¾
DRESSED PORK.			
Light	per lb	6	6¾
Heavy	"	6	6¾
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage, extra	per 100	6 00	8 00
" good	"	3 00	5 00
Apples, Baldwins	per bbl	2 25	2 50
" Greenings	"	2 00	2 25
" Pippin	"	2 00	2 50
" Belle Fleur	"	2 75	3 00
" Cooking	"	1 75	1 90
" York State, mixed	"	1 75	2 00
Onions, Pa	"	2 00	2 25
" Western	"	3 00	3 25
POTATOES.			
Early Rose, choice	per bus	50	55
Burbanks, choice	"	50	58
" fair	"	48	45
Pearl Mammoth	"	45	48
"	"	38	40
Beauty of Hebron	"	48	50
Peerless	"	45	48
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		12¾	13
Ohio, fat, fine		11¾	12
Penn'a, Full Cream		8	8½
WOOL.			
Tub-washed	per lb	27	28
Unwashed	"	17	20
DRIED FRUIT.			
Apples, evaporated, in cases		6	7
" good		3	
" quarters		3	
Blackberries		9	9¼
Cherries, pitted, prime dry		12½	13
FURS.			
Bear, black		5 00	15 00
" Cubs		2 00	7 00
Red Fox		1 00	1 15
Grey		25	85
Minks		25	50
Raccoons		50	85
Muskrat, Winter		10	12
Wild Cat			25
House Cat			10
Opossum, cased, trashed out		10	15
Rabbits			2½
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8	8½
" " Cow	"	8	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	8	8½
Tallow, Solid	"	5¾	6
" Cake	"	6	6¾
Honey in Comb	"	14	16
Country Soap	"		5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	80
White & Mixed	75
Rye	50
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 18; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 9, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	36½	—50
Wheat "	77¼	—88½
Oats "	27	—37
Pork "	12.02½	
Lard "	7.22	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.